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Past and Future Author's Notes

[image]

Hello Fellow Wattpadder!

I'm glad to see that you're interested in this fanfiction! Well, who could blame you, I would be too! Even now, as I look back on it, some part of me still wants to continue the story line I once created, as what could've been a trilogy was sadly halted in 2018.

First off, let me introduce myself.

My name is E.C. Millington. I love writing about animals, dinosaurs, and other mythical creatures, and on occasion some human stories if I find the time. There are several stories that I'm proud of, but none could've come into fruition had it not been for my past.

My love for writing actually generated from the Warrior Cats series, believe it or not. Out of curiosity I wondered what it would be like to become a part of this vibrant and twisted series, and thus my first fanfictions were born.

I didn't know it was called fanfictions though.

And, while I made several in my life regarding such series, only one was ever fully completed, which is where you are now.

The original author of Tails of the Clans was also me, but roughly five years younger. His name was Elijah=Waterfang2016, and he lived on Warriors Fanfiction Wikia, in the outskirts of the Internet. He was clingy, funny, very energetic, and enthusiastic about his... well... okay-ish work. Out of wonder he asked many of his friends if they wanted their own characters, or unique personalities, turned into cats as part of a concept story. It was a rather cool idea, listening to their thoughts and their plot devices (Which, to be fair, wasn't the greatest of ideas).

And it was here where the fanfic was born.

Throughout 2015-2016 his new book would rise in fame on this singular website to having the second most views of all pages, aside from the home page. He began working on a sequel to this story, which started growing the same fame yet again.

H owever, that same year, he would also lose his profile due to commitments to the outside world, school, and inevitably all his new friends.

In hopes to reconnect with them, he posted this same story to Wattpad on the eve of 2017, where it has sat untouched for years.

By the time I write this note this book will be 5-years old, and, to be fair (for an 18 year old), its not the best written work. But then again I was 13, I didn't know anything better other than pure action, weird dialogue, and confusion, and yes -- most Wattpad books are as confusing as this -- so I'm not super concerned.

So don't go crazy saying things don't make sense, or how this plot isn't going anywhere.

I KNOW.

THIS BOOK IS MADNESS. But if you like madness... here you go!

However, I keep this here not only in memory of what I had done in the past, but also as a reminder of where I began, how I've grown as a writer through the years up to this very moment.

So, in a way, this is my origin story.

Now, without further adue, I hope you enjoy this fanfic! And thank you for your support! Now then, take it away younger me!

- E.C. Millington as of 2020

Hi guys! My name's Elijah. If you haven't read one of my stories, you probably should, cause they're awesome! So, i work with 2 fan-

fiction websites, including Quotev, and Warrior Wikia. The story your about to read is among the most popular and well known story on Warriors Wikia, with over 200 comments, and many signatures. At one point, it hit 2nd in overall views on Warriors Wikia (behind most viewed Warriors Wikia home page). I wanted to extend my story elsewhere, so for the first time, the story is going to you guys to read.

The story includes many of my friends from Warriors Wikia, which is actually 24 friends. I'm recently doing another story, which is a sequel to this one, next year. Although there are many grammar mistakes, and some weird humor, and some incorrect words, you'll see the drama and pain these cats had to go through just to save their clan from a void, filled with the enemies and the past events that they survived through once, now alive and reborn again. If the void reaches the Clan before they stop it, all hell will break loose, and the Clans would be no more.

Basically, all this info came from my friends, so their pasts for their character is in this story, along with their personality and what they wanna say. This story took exactly 9 months and 23 days to work on since a few years ago. So I hope you enjoy it, and thanks for supporting me!

- Elijah = Waterfang2016 as of 2017

Dreams

"GAH!" Waterfang yowled as he felt his body toss and turn in an endless current of water. Blood roared in his ears, the wind howling as the rain sliced into the earth, mud growing on the banks. He tried to reach out for help, but water choked his body and filled his lungs. He saw another she-cat struggling with him, her orange fur wet and muddy.

"Help..." He struggled to get to the surface, but a strong current pulled him down. He couldn't even swim in the water and he was a RiverClan cat.

"This is how you die," A voice he could remember echoed in his ears and scorched his body, "And this is how everyone shall die!"

"NO-" Waterfang gasped as a wave threw him underwater, sticks and stones scraping his body. A sharp piece of wood slashed through his head, and pain exploded within him. The cat cried out once, before plummeting underwater and never resurfacing.

"Face it Waterfang," The voice laughed coldly, "Nobody can save you now." A large flash of lightening struck the water, and flashbacks thundered through his bones, eagles, rogues, mists, blood, explosions, and at once the world turned red as blood.

"AHH!!" Waterfang screamed, jolting awake on his bedding. His heart beat faster every second as he laid there gasping for breath. For seconds, he just laid there, listening to the irritating ringing noise in his ears, following by the snores of the warriors around him.*It was just a dream*, he thought to himself, *shake it off.* He stood up, looking down as his ruffled fur and ripped moss. Claw marks left scars in the earth, leaving little lines of four scratches. Pain bubbled on his head badly. Waterfang pushed his pads into the pain on his head, but came back wet with red liquid. *Blood*? His scar doesn't bleed anymore, or wasn't supposed to bleed after what happened moons ago. Waterfang glanced up at the night sky. The moon was on the far side, like a moon-set.

"It isn't even morning," He sighed, stretching his hind legs that fell asleep. He suddenly felt someone stir awake, and turned to look at his mate, Echolight.

"You're awake now?" She yawned, looking up to Waterfang with eyes of confusion. He couldn't lie to her though.

"Bad dream. That's what woke me up, but I'm okay."

"You're actually bleeding. Perhaps there's a thorn in your nest, hold on," She meowed, standing up to look at his ripped bedding.

"What the-'"

"Bad dream," He said again. Echolight looked at him in horror.

"That doesn't usually happen, but," She lowered her nose to the ground, then came back up with a piece of sharp piece of familiar wood, "Found it," Waterfang gasped, as flashback to the dream made him shudder. At once, he lost the feeling in himself, and collapsed under his own weight.

"Waterfang!" She stumbled over to him. He was sweating now, and his eyes only locked on the piece of wood.

"That was the wood i saw in my dreams, how-"

"Are you ok?" She asked nudging him.

"Yes, thanks," Waterfang rested his nose on her cheek, "Sorry i scared you, but something is wrong."

"What are you going to do?" Echolight cocked her head, "I don't even know what it means."

"Let me talk to Berryspot and Shimmerstar, they can help me understand what's coming."

The Plan

"RUN! Take Nightpaw and get somewhere safe! Ill lead them away from you!"

"Dad!" He screeched as the howl of dogs flooded the forest.

"Go!" His father dashed out, vanishing along with the sounds of multiple dogs following behind. His mom, carrying Nightwhisker by the scruff sprinted the other way. A scream pierced the trees, and at once, his mom knew that her mate was gone.

"Where's dad?" He asked scared. Before she could respond, a figure jumped onto the two cats, making her lose her grip on Nightwhisker.

"Nightpaw run!" She screamed as her body was being dragged on the ground. A dog knocked over Nightwhisker, and dust and dead leaves flew into the air. He swung at the dark figures, before feeling his body leave the ground. The world spun seconds later, and his paws only touch the forest air. Within moments, he slammed into a rock, pain erupting in his skull, and his vision went black.

"NO!"

"Nightwhisker wake up!" he heard a shriek from above. His eyes snapped open quickly. Flameheart was standing over him. Nightwhisker noticed his breathing increasing rapidly.

"What the, Nightwhisker, are you ok-"

"No, no..." Nightwhisker interrupted, gasping in shock. His eyes were wild, but burned in horror, "That dream, it happened before, i can remember." He stood up, his body vibrating in terror.

"You should see Mintshadepelt, she can help you out," Flameheart suggested, nudging him. Night whisker mumbled back,

"I guess. But it's not normal for me to have a dream like this. I don't

know if its true but something about me is going to happen, something from my past." A scent flashed passed both of their noses as Waterfur and Bayberry padded to them.

"Hi guys," Waterfur meowed, then frowned as he looked at Nightwhisker's shaking pelt,"You don't look so good."

"I'm not good. I had a bad dream," He gasped back. Bayberry lowered her head too,

"I had a bad dream last night too, but its private-"

"YOU had one too?" Nightwhisker was surprised. Bayberry nodded, her brown tail quivering in the air.

"How come you didn't tell anyone though, we could of helped you!" Waterfur looked distressed. Bayberry shook her head, shuffling her paws into the ground.

"I got over it."

"To tell you guys the truth, i had one two nights ago," Flameheart mewed. Waterfur nodded in agreement.

"Same thing. I wonder if Mintshadepelt had one too, or any other warriors in ThunderClan."

"So what was it, like a sign? It couldn't of been miraculously back to back like that." Nightwhisker muttered.

"Or maybe an invitation." All eyes spun onto Peppercloud, who somehow appeared out of nowhere, her black and white pelt shimmering in the sun.

"You must've woken up good today, all brushed up and everyth-" Nightwhisker began.

"How do you know that?" Flameheart cocked her head interrupting him.

"During my dream, i heard a whisper, and, it sounded like someone was saying something to me, so i turned my ears towards it. It said,

something about a fog, and danger, the cats who got the dream to meet tonight, and take a journey to save the clans." Waterfur exchanged glances with Flameheart, her tail swishing nervously on the ground.

"Whatever it was, we must tell Mint, or Blazestar at least for the coming gathering." Nightwhisker said, now back on his pads.

"But still," Flameheart meowed, "Aren't you guys a tiny bit concerned about, i don't know, if they think we're crazy? Like, what if they won't believe us?" All eyes turned to Waterfur. Nightwhisker flattened his ears, but then raised his tail.

"I say we tell it out loud to all the clans on the gathering night!" Flameheart's eyes went wide.

"Are you insane?!"

"No-"

"Don't you realize that-"

"Actually," Bayberry chimed in, "It might work. We can get everyone else who got the dream!" Nightwhisker nodded in agreement. Flameheart shrugged.

"Ok then," Waterfur straightened up, "What's the plan?"

The Vision

"Bout time i caught you!" Silverwind exclaimed, her mouth shaking as the red fish shook between her jaws. The only problem was the fact that it was still alive. Turning around to face the camp, she began slowly walking of balanced into the woods. Her mouth ached as the fish wrestled her tongue and wobbled her head in circles. Silverwind dropped it onto the ground in pain, watching it shake as it kept suffocating in the air.

"Why are you so annoying!" she hissed. The fish bounced up in reply. Angrily, she placed her paw onto the fish's body. "Stop squirming for once before you break my fang!" She meowed to it. It froze for a second, yellow and back eyes glued onto hers, before jumping back into its violent dance. Silverwind groaned. That was the part of fishing she didn't enjoy.

"Silverwind!" A yowl called from the forest. She looked up, watching as Skyheart bounded towards her.

"Sky! What's up? How are you?" She watched as she came closer to her, her fur gleaming in water.

"I'm good. Hey, did you hear that-" Skyheart peered down at Silverwind's jiggling fish. Moss and dust began collecting on it's slimy surface. She frowned.

"What the, Silverwind, you know your going to dirty the fish if you keep dropping it like that," Skyheart let out a mrrow of laughter.

"Well, maybe i could hold it, or bite it down easier if i didn't have a loose fang!" Silverwind opened her jaws to show Skyheart.

"You have a loose fang?" Skyheart flattened her ears, "That doesn't usually happen to cats around here. But, i guess its normal, have Berryspot look at it, but my suggestion is to lay off of fishing for a day or two."

Silverwind shrugged, "Whatever. Hey, where's the fish?" Skyheart turned around. The spot where it was earlier was just a spot of flattened grass. Silverwind groaned, following the scent of the fish.

"Found it!" She called to Skyheart. It was in a small ditch, like a mouse hole, and it was still jibbering and wobbling, but slowly now.

"That is definitely the worst way to die for a fish," Skyheart meowed. She lowered his head, towards the fish.

"I got it this time." She clamped his jaws around the fish, killing it easily. But as she did that, she froze. Suddenly, the world around both cats went completely dark, and Silverwind found herself falling! Crying out, she felt the ground slam into her chest and the wind drove out of her body. The air felt cold and windy, and the trees that sprung somewhat out of the ground nearby were bare and leafless.

"Skyheart...SKYHEART?" Silverwind scrambled up. She found herself buried in snow, the cold, freezing ice drops of snow tumbling from overhead. Her teeth chattered as the fresh blow of leaf-bare air froze each hair of fur. Silverwind struggled to get out of the snow, because of how deep it was, almost above her chin.

"SKYHEART?" She yowled again, trying to get a whiff of his scent, or maybe movement. Suddenly, she could hear the sudden sound of rumbling monsters nearby, growing louder by the second. She turned her ears towards it, but could barely make out what it was in the snow. A meow turned her attention to a tree, where a she-cat's shadow was in.

"SKYHEART! I'm coming!"

"RUN!" she screamed, "Run!" The sounds of barking came into her ears, and at once, she spotted, were they dogs? No, much worse, wolves. Maybe even more then ten, enough to count. Their teeth were stained with blood, eyes wide with fury, and Silverwind seemed to recognize this vision, as if she was there before. Quickly, she scrambled off of the snow, sprinting harder towards the tree. Her heart pounded, feeling the warm burning heat from the wolves

bearing down upon her.

"HELP ME!" She yowled, before she tripped painfully on a rock, tumbling into the deep snow. Watching in horror, she braced herself as the wolves attacked, lunging on her with teeth and claws. Pain was the first thing Silverwind felt as she tried thrashing he grey dogs off her. A claw slashed her chest, another struck her in the head, another one dug deep into her ribs. Silverwind's own flesh was being ripped apart. The world flung upside down as she was thrown into the snow, then surrounded in seconds by the wolves. Blood and sweat flew into the snow as Silverwind tried fighting the wolves with no chance of surviving. Then, one of the wolves put his jaws around her own, covering her nose, making her suffocate. Silverwind screamed as she felt her body slip away, her lungs shrieking for mercy as her breath tiptoed away into darkness. Her paws dug on the ground from the intense pain she felt in her lungs. Her eyes felt heavy, blood staining her body completely, darkness taking over, until she was no more, until she was dead.

"Silver? SILVERWIND?! Wake up!" She felt her body shaking. Gasping, she awoken in the forest, Skyheart next to her, the same forest where she lived. Pain rushed over her body, nausea overcoming her head as the memories came back. Silverwind's eyes were wide in fear.

"No, no, no,"

"Silver-"

"I remember that, that time, I... I remember that moment, something happens to me about that....I..." She didn't have the words to describe it as she struggled to stand.

"Silver, what's going on-"

"We need to get to Berryspo- OW! OWOW!" Silverwind winced as her paw ran over a deep cut in her ribs, marking a sign of the wolves things, were real.

"We need to....get....to Berryspot....I need to know....what happened....because something...is happening that...i can't figure it

out." Silverwind winced.

"How do you know?" Skyheart meowed. Silverwind just looked up with uncertainty,

"I just know."

A Gift

Swiftclaw padded up closer to Rainsplash as they both trekked along side the lake's edge towards the Gathering area. Her eyes shimmered as the moonlight shone on the territories. Swiftclaw edged closer to Rainsplash.

"I wonder what they're going to talk about in this gathering," she meowed suspicously. Rainsplash looked back at her.

"I'm not so sure, but it may be something about the greencough? Or perhaps the foxes or the sinkhole? Im not so sure, but its important to discuss the things that's been happening," Rainsplash responded. Suddenly, the ground beneath them grew hard and wooden, and Swiftclaw realized that they were now walking across the fallen tree to the gathering area. A strong scent of WindClan struck her nose, and ThunderClan was there too. Swiftclaw turned around, watching Tornstar and Foxstep sharing tongues before they reached the island. She stumbled onto the ground as she felt the wooden floor turn back into grass and earth. She stared at the numerous cats attending the gathering this moon, some of them newly-made apprentices. Her eyes shone with pride as a memory of her apprenticship came back to her head. The group walked over to the edge of the island, where they all sat down. Rainsplash sat down with her, Swiftclaw sitting near the RiverClan warriors.

"Hi," Swiftclaw meowed to one of them, a tom with silver fur.

"Hey."

"What's your name?" Swiftclaw seemed curious.

"Waterfang," He responded, his gaze settling on her, "What's yours?"

"Swiftclaw, nice to meet you."

"You too. Better be quiet now, cause the gathering's starting," Waterfang said. Swiftclaw looked up as the four leaders of the Clans

stood on the high part of the tree, while in the clearing, every other cat began to settle down. The full moon casted shadows off of the four leaders, making them look strong like spirits. Tornstar, Swiftclaw's leader, was the first to speak after the introduction.

"ShadowClan has been growing strong in the last few moons. We have four new apprentices and a few kits on the way. We have overpowered the foxes last new leaf, so we are improving and growing." Swiftclaw's lifted her chin proudly as her leader finished speaking. Blazestar then came next, yet he looked upset.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Greencough," Waterfang whispered, "His brother passed, and they lost a few kits. Its horrible." Swiftclaw turned back up to the full moon shadows as the ThunderClan leader spoke.

"Things has been harsh in ThunderClan, especially since we lost two kits and Fireclaw," Mummers of horror rushed through the clans, "But, i have to congratulate Mintshadepelt for holding off the greencough, and stopping the spread, as well as saving all our lives, including mine." All the clans began cheering her name as the mint-colored she-cat arose from the crowd of cats, smiling.

"That's a great accomplishment for a medicine cat. They barely-"

"SHHHHH!!"

"We did also.....We also have discovered something in the sinkhole that Flameheart and Waterfur found moons earlier," Blazestar stuttered, "And we will discuss about it later once we figure out-"

"HOW BOUT YOU DISCUSS IT NOW!" A cat yowled in the crowd. Five cats from ThunderClan's side stood up. Swiftclaw gasped, *They're not supposed to do that during a gathering!*

"Nightwhisker, Flameheart, Peppercloud, Waterfur, and Bayberry?" Waterfang gasped. Swiftclaw dug her claws into the earth nervously.

"What's going on?" Blazestar hissed. Swiftclaw could see the faintest sight of anger burning in the ThunderClan leader.

"We need to speak!" Peppercloud called out, her eyes scanning the clearing, "To all of the cats in the Clans!" Blazestar was about to lunge, but Tornstar pulled him back.

"Wait, i want to hear what they have to say." Flameheart moved up so that everyone could see her flame coated pelt. A small cloud was growing up nearby the moon.

"Cats of the Clans, we have something that im sure most of you have experienced. What me and Waterfur found in the Sinkhole wasn't just pictures, it was....a prophecy. Some kind of prophecy that neither of us understood until now." All the cats gasped. Swiftclaw and Waterfang exchanged glances. Flameheart had worry in her eyes, "We understand it now, because most of our clanmates have been having dreams, of their past. If you have experienced this, can you stand up, so we're correct?" Swiftclaw's eyes went wide. She's experienced the dreams! She turned to Waterfang, who was gulping. At once, they both sat up, and miraculously, Rainsplash, Foxstep, and Firesong stood up with them. Mintshadepelt nervously got onto her pads, with Icefang, the blue grey she-cat, Birdwing, MeadowWing, and Bramblefire from WindClan. Pumpkintail, Silverwind, and Skyheart also stood in RiverClan. All the other cats around them, gasped.

"Eighteen cats?!" Silverwind meowed bewildered nearby. Swiftclaw was speechless. The leaders from above were also silent, until finally, "It's true," Shimmerstar blurted from above, "There was a prophecy, but there was twenty cats. Where's the other two?"

"Maybe their rogues?" Waterfur suggested. Flameheart behind him was proud that she was right about her assumption.

"You knew? All this time?" Waterfang hissed, "And you never told anyone, but keeping it to yourself Shimmerstar?!"

"I'm sorry. I never even told the leaders." Shimmerstar pawed the ground, "But it's true." Suddenly, a flash of lightening, struck the earth. Swiftclaw felt the ground beneath her paws wobble. What was happening? The trees around the cats wobbled in the air, as if their roots suddenly fell apart. Everyone started shrieking as the moon lit into a red moon. The shadow covered the cats, making

them petrified in their positions. Swiftclaw turned to Waterfang, "What's happening?" Suddenly, a whirlwind began spinning around all the cats, strong enough to through the cats into the air. Swiftclaw lowered her body to the ground, her eyes stuck on a red glow that was lowering down to the ground. Peppercloud was the only cat that hadn't have lowered to the ground, but instead was walking over to the glow.

"Pepper! DON'T TOUCH IT!" Silverwind shrieked. But, as if she was being drawn by a trance. Without thinking, Swiftclaw bolted fowards, slamming her body into Peppercloud as she was about to touch it. But as she did that, Swiftclaw accidently fell right into the white globe. Waterfang and Silverwind rushed forwards to catch her, while the other cats sat horrified. As she touched it, she felt a powerful streak of energy burning through her body. Pain flamed around her body, and an explosion from the globe flung her into the ground, knocking Silverwind, Peppercloud, and Waterfang backwards. Then, everything stopped. The air felt fresh again, and the noise silenced to a halt. Swiftclaw's body was cold, her body shaking in the ground.

"Swift!" Rainsplash's voice echoed in her head. Her claws uncontrollably kept sheathing and unsheathing in the earth, while her blood ran cold in her flesh. Her eyes felt icy as she opened them. Her eyes! She could see stronger for some reason. Like she could see Foxstep shuddering behind the tall tree. How is the possible? She tried to stand, or move, but not a muscle moved in her body.

"Guys, help me, I can't move! I can't move, i can't move..."

"Did you break anything?" Mintshadepelt's voice echoed behind her as her paws stumbled near her.

"No, i just can't move, I can't feel anything, only my eyes! Oh what did they do to me?" She looked up, watching Waterfang and Silverwind groan as they sat up. They looked different too for some reason.

"Who?"

"StarClan!" Swiftclaw cried. She felt Mintshadepelt press her paws into her sides, then to her tail, which looked lifeless.

"Am i paralyzed?" Swiftclaw was close to tears. Mintshadepelt lifted up, frowning.

"I don't know what it is. How do you feel?" she asked.

"I can't explain it.... i feel cold and energetic, and i could see stronger for some reason." She felt footsteps nearby.

"Swiftclaw! No, no, no, im so sorry, it was my fault for this, im sorry!" Swiftclaw looked up to the black and white cat, her body shaking too as she nudged Swiftclaw's limp body. She couldn't smell either! What was happening to her?

"This gathering is over." Blazestar yowled to the cats, as they began crowding around Swiftclaw's body. Mintshadepelt wandered off to Tornstar, who was helping Waterfang to his paws. Swiftclaw could somewhat also hear them speaking from far away too!

"Can i bring Swiftclaw with me to my clan, I've never seen anything like her condition, and i would want to see if i could help her." Mint meowed.

"I can't let another one of my greatest warriors never fight again or walk," Tornstar muttered, "Blazestar?" The old leader sighed.

"Sure, but she can't be feeding off of the clan's fresh-kill pile. She'll have to get food elsewhere."

"But she can't even move!"

"Then you find food for her Mint! She's your responsibility now," Blazestar hissed. Mintshadepelt narrowed her eyes.

"Fine." Swiftclaw looked up to the medicine cat as she padded over to her.

"Let me take her Mint," Blazestar suggested. Swiftclaw felt him grab her by the scruff, lifting her off the ground, and placing her on his back. She still could move, so it was harder for her and him to

balance.

"Bye Swift!" Rainsplash mewed, before the forest swallowed the gathering center into darkness.

On the Other Side...

"C'mon Emeraldheart, we're nearly to the summit!" Lapis meowed behind her. The tom behind gasped as he took another great step up the mountain, almost slipping on a rock.

"Just to let you know, THIS WAS YOUR IDEA TO LEAVE HOME!"

"Well, i got bored of it," Lapis responded agitated. She stumbled on the last step, before finally looking over to an amazing view.

"Well i didn't!" Emerald kicked a nearby pebble, "I like the clan cats, especially all the she-cats, they were nice. I was supposed to have something with my medicine cat....What are you doing?"

"Woah." Lapis gasped as the sun's light lit up the world below her. She saw the numerous of houses that strecthed out for miles, and the other side, where a lake and a huge forest stretched out for miles with the Twoleg town.

"Emerald, come see this!" Lapis mewed.

"Uh, we have a problem, why is there a giant fart cloud following us?" Lapis spun around, facing a giant cloud of fog, approaching them. Lapis suddenly sprinted down the mountain. Something wasn't right about the cloud.

"Emerald, come on!" Lapis yelled behind her.

"Woah, that's a nice house! And look at all those Twolegs at the park! HI PEOPLE-" Lapis scrambled up the mountain, grabbed Emeraldheart, then tumbled downhill into the forest. Lapis felt her body scrape the sharp rocks underneath her, ripping her pads at one point, before striking the ground.

"Hey, what was that all about?" Emeraldheart hissed, "I was waving at the Twolegs, I looked like the Lion King cat!"

"I'm sorry, i was trying to get away-"

"From fog? Or fartclouds? You know they're both harmless right?"

"I thought it was the Mist of Time! I though we were doomed!" Lapis scraped the ground with her claws, wincing as her cut pad hit the earth.

"Ooh, your cut!"

"DUH!" Lapis rolled her eyes as she painfully began licking the cut. The sunlight around them began to turn orange, maing the sky darker and darker

"The sooner we get to the Clans, like what Bertha said, the better."

"What clans? You mean clams? Are we eating SEAFOOD!"

"GAH!" Suddenly, a voice from nearby stopped Lapis in her tracks.

"What was that?"

"Hey!" Hollywhiker yowled as she scrambled down hill.

"Hollywhisker? I thought that-" Lapis began.

"Well, you thought wrong. I'm coming with you if you like it or not,"

"Fine," Lapis smiled, "At least we have two normal she-cats in this group!"

"Hey!" Emeraldheart snapped, "I'm cool too! Right? Do i still.....Nevermind. Lets go!"

Recovery

Silverwind felt funny. After what happened yesterday, things seemed different. Mostly, she felt to sore to walk anywhere, but she also seemed to accidentally jump into conversations that were father than her reach. Like as if she could hear father from her place.

"Silverwind hasn't been feeling well," Skyheart meowed to Pumpkintail and Echolight later on, "Something's wrong with her that happened yesterday."

"Waterfang's been query too since the gathering," Echolight mewed to Skyheart, "They're both changing."

"But why? And into what?"

"Lemme talk to her." Silverwind looked up as Pumpkintail and Skyheart walked through the ferns of the medicine cat den towards her.

"Are you feeling weird by any chance?" Skyheart wondered. Silverwind's tail thumped the ground.

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, i'm cold. A little hungry too, as if i lost all my energy for hunting and fighting. I don't know." Silverwind looked down at the ground in worry.

"That's normal, i guess. C'mon lets go," Pumpkintail said. Silverwind watched as her friends walked out of the den. Anxiousness spread rapidly in her heart. What was happening to her? Was her senses growing stronger?

----------Moons Later----------

Swiftclaw felt the morning sun blaze onto her fur. Sweat dripped down her hairs as she awoken in the medicine cat den of ThunderClan. The memories slid into her brain as the thought of yesterday seemed like minutes ago. However, it was more like days ago. Her body still ached, but it was warmer, not cold. She rubbed her painful skull as she stood up. Wait, she stood up? Swiftclaw's eyes went wide. She could move!

"MINT!" Swiftclaw cried happily as she stumbled up. She busted through the other side of the den, running into Mintshadepelt on the way out. Both she-cats tumbled onto the ground, knocking down some peppermint by accident.

"What's wrong with you today, you gave me a fright-" Mintshadepelt froze as she glanced at Swiftclaw's body.

"Your walking! YOUR WALKING!"

"I know!" She cried happily. But then, Swiftclaw stopped abruptly.

"Why is the ground shaking so much though?" Swiftclaw felt the ground vibrating under her paws. The noises around her seemed louder than before too.

"What?"

"And the noises, they're louder. Am i still ok Mint?"

"It looks like it. But before you can actually go back to your clan, i want to see if your able to do what you normally do."

"Like hunting and fighting?'

"Yes," Mintshadepelt placed her tail onto Swiftclaw, "Its important that your still fine." Swiftclaw looked up to the medicine cat, then sighed.

"Well," Swiftclaw meowed, "Its worth a try!"

The Sign to Holly

"They told you what?!" Hollytuft gasped at Icefang. It was closing in on midnight as the moon rose above the clouds on WindClan, and Icefang had a vision.

"StarClan actually talked to me!" She breathed. Hollytuft was on the edge of confusion for her clanmate.

"What did they say?" Hollytuft wondered, stopping Icefang's shaking.

"I couldn't hear them right," She meowed, "But i think they told us and the other 19 cats to join together tonight, becasue i think they may talk to us."

"Now how am i going to believe that?" Hollytuft felt dumb, "I don't really believe that i was part of this."

"Not so sure though, but I want to know what StarClan has planned for us. The gathering wasn't an accident, it was on purpose of what they did to Swiftclaw." Icefang looked serious, "And if they called me out and you, i wouldn't ignore it."

"But how do you know they actually did it, it could be mouse-brained dreams!" Hollytuft examined her claws.

"Im just," Icefang sighed, "Im just certain that they called us for a reason." Hollytuft looked up to her, still surprised and confused.

"Well, if you believe that they called, i think you should get everyone else!" Hollytuft mumbled. Icefang shot a look at her, "Your coming too!"

"Wait-"

"Yep!"

"Wait, i wan't a part of this Ice fang, why should i go? Plus, its been

a long day, lets get some sleep."

Rainsplash was closing in on sleep, when something dabbed her. The cold wind was enough, and it was hard to go to sleep, but she believe that dab on her was just from another cat.....zzzzzzzzz

"RAINSPLASH!"

"WHAT!" Rainsplash jolted up, banging her head against the side of the den. Pain shot uip in her skull as she faced the two shadows staring at her.

"Foxstep? What do you want?" She whispered in a moan as she rubbed her aching head

"Its not Fox," The figures spoke, then entered the den, showing their pelt colors. Rainsplash gasped.

"Bayberry? Icefang? Why are you here you could get caught!" Rainsplash hissed, watching her clanmates's chest heaving and lower in every breath of their sleep.

"We need you for something that i hope,' Bayberry turned to Icefang,"Is important."

"So did you literally go through every clan waking everyone up?!" Rainsplash's eyes went wide. Bayberry shook her head,

"No, well er.... yes. But we didn't get caught-"

"How could you too that, OF COURSE YOU CAN GET CAUGHT!" Rainsplash meowed.

"What's going on?" Another voice echoed the room as Foxstep arose from her sleep. Rainsplash held her head in her paws, *Oh no...*

"We need her too," Icefang called from behind.

"SHHHHHH!!"

"What the-"

"Fox, its not what you think-" Rainsplash began.

"I i know what i think, TRESSPASSERS!" Foxstep snarled from the ground unsheathing her claws.

"SHHHHHH!!!"

"Foxstep stop! They're not enemies or treespassing, well..." Rainsplash cocked her head, "I actually think you guys are though."

"We didn't come all the way from WindClan to be insulted!" Another voice outside the den complained, which was Hollytuft.

"Rainsplash, how can you trust these two?" Foxstep hissed.

"I Think they're trying to help! Remember yesturday? I think they're telling us something?"

"Like what, fall into their trap?"

"NO!"

"SHHHHHH!!" Icefang shushed them again, "We came here to bring you to the Island so we can talk to StarClan!"

"HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?" Foxstep cried out.

"What's going on?" Another voice awoken from the warriors sleeping. Foxstep gasped.

"Firesong, um, er....We can explain!"

"INTRUDERS!"

"SHHHHHHHH! Why is ShadowClan so annoying?!" Icefang hissed.

"We need him too!"

"What do you want, do you need everyone to wake up in the Clan, cause i swear, i will do it!" Foxstep dug her claws into the earth

"NO!" They cried out in unision.

"SHHHH!!"

"Can someone please explain to me what the heck is going on?" Firesong cried. Then the den went silent. At once, everyone started talking.

"Guys!" Another tom sprang into the action, "Its your going or not, its not that complicated for ShadowClan warriors!" Waterfang snapped. All mouths went silent.

"Well, Waterfang's here, so im going!" Rainsplash meowed to her two clanmates.

"Fine...." Firesong sighed, "We'll go-"

"Hold up-"

"C'mon, its not that we're being tricked, we're just going on a stroll....somewhere," Rainsplash mumbled. Foxstep rolled her eyes, licking her fangs.

"Ok, we'll go, under one condition."

The Meeting

MeadowWing felt strange sitting in the island all alone, with nobody here. It was dead silent, and it felt weird to be in an area where most of the chatter happens. Her tail thumped on the ground, blowing away some dust and dying leaves. She wondered why her friends also left her here, cold and lonely. But even as he sat there, she grew tired ans sleepy. *Its past midnight,* she thought, *is this really a good time to talk with strangers about something they presume will happen here*? Suddenly, her ears turned to the side as noises from the bushes nearby began to wobble. And out came everyone.

"MeadowWing!" Bramblefire, her clanmate gasped, "Your here too?"

"Yeah, i got the dreams like everyone else," She meowed back happily. Soon enough, she counted about eighteen cats in the clearing, each from a different clan. The wind seemed to die down in the distance, making the leaves float to a top. Icefang looked around, then frowned, "I think we're missing a few cats. Are you sure you got everyone Bayberry?"

"Ummmm...." Bayberry's claws dug into the earth, "I'm not sure-" The bushes then exploded as two she-cats busted into the clearing. Everyone was surprised and gasping.

"Swiftclaw?!" Bayberry's eyes went wide," You're ok!"

"Nailed it!" Mintshadepelt's eyes were wide with hope for Switfclaw. Waterfang stumbled over to the medicine cat.

"How did you fix her?"

"Well, i'm not sure, just fed her some poppy seeds and other ingredients, and after a while, she was fine!" Mintshadepelt concluded. Waterfang lifted his eyebrow.

"That's it?"

"Well, we're all here," Bramblefire yowled, "So shouldn't something be happening?" The clearing just went silent as the moon sailed slowly overhead. It seemed like this until Flameheart spoke up.

"Unless there are three extra arrivals?"

"Three?" Hollytuft wondered, "How do you know they're is three-" Her sentence was cut off as three figures busted through the ferns into the gathering area. Waterfang dropped low immediately, baring his fangs.

"Get back?"

"What are you doing?" One of them spoke, her eyes swollen in pain. Flameheart stepped foward.

"Lapis? Emerald?! HOLLY!" Flameheart tumbled towards them happily. Waterfang cocked his head.

"You KNOW these cats?" Flameheart turned around, tail high in excitement.

"Well yes! I see them every night around the mountainous area!" Waterfang stood up from his crouch, sheathing his claws, leaving a mark in the earth.

"Ok. But are they part of this thing?" Waterfang waved his tail around everyone.

"Yes, i think, right Lapis?"

"Yea, i believe so Flame!" Lapis answered. Suddenly, a gust of wind began blowing the trees to one side, leaves fluttering off its branches. Swiftclaw backed up in worry, thinking that the same thing will happen to her again. The moon flashed a white glow, and all at once, cats, their pelts flashing golden sparkles began running from the sky to the surface. Hollywhisker's eyes widened in wonder as the cats of StarClan circled all of them, tons of cats, their eyes sparkling with bravery and strength and hope. A few cats from the large group began advancing to the twenty three cats in the center. Mintshadepelt felt pride as the walked closer,

"I know all these cats."

"How?" Hollytuft gasped

"I speak with them," she purred, "In the Moonpool."

"Hello," The first one spoke, his pelt flaming like fire, "Its a pleasure to meet all of you." Waterfang's heart leaped.

"Are you Firestar?" He asked.The tom dipped his head, then another tom entered next to him.

"I'm Tallstar, and that's Onestar, Bluestar, Crookedstar, Blackstar, Mistystar, and Rowanstar."

"We've been watching all of you as you experienced a tale of time of your history, become the most difficult part of your life. And we've been watching all of you for a reason, even your rogue friends." Mistystar meowed.

"Nice to...meet....StarClan, heh" Lapis studdered, her eyes wide.

"So why did you call us then?" Birdwing asked. The leaders exchanged glances, then Firestar spoke.

"There's a danger coming to the Clans-"

"All great here we go again!" Emeraldheart rolled his eyes.

"EMERALD!" Flame growled.

"Its ok. But this is serious. And it may decide the fate of the Clans." Firestar concluded.

"There's a danger coming from the mountains, a place called the Mists of Time," Blackstar meowed. Lapis shuddered, her ears flattening.

"Its a dangerous place, and it has turned towards the Clans." Mistystar said.

"I think we saw it earlier," Hollywhisker spoke up, "Isn't it a foglike

place? And if so, can't we blow it away?" Tallstar purred, "The easy solution isn't always the best Hollywhisker. Sometimes, even those decisions can turn on you?"

"What is it anyway? Why is it so dangerous?" Pumpkintail mewed.

"The Mist of Time is a place where.....your past enemies and places, *become* real." Bluestar meowed. Waterfang's eyes bulged, his heart thumping faster.

"Say what?!" Emeraldheart gasped.

"You heard," Mistystar said, "Your past can kill you."

"That's why its called the Mist of Time!" Birdwing finished.

"The ball of light from the gathering moons ago," Bluestar meowed, "It advanced some of your seneses, like Swiftclaw, Waterfang, Peppercloud, and Silverwind. It is to protect you, and you must figure out what you can do, and how you could stop the Mists of Time."

"But then, why do you need us specifically?" Swiftclaw frowned, "And if we're going in there, are we all coming out alive?" the clearing grew silent, and the leaders lowered their heads. Bayberry and Firesong's whiskers twitched.

"What....are you guys...saying?" Foxstep asked. Firestar padded over to them slowly.

"Unfortunately, some of you may....die," Firestar meowed. Waterfang's eyes went to the ground in shock. Flameheart's stomach lurched in fear. The leaders exchanged glances of sorrow.

"I'm sorry."

"For setting us up?!" Hollywhisker hissed, "You mean we came all this way to die?! Thats mouse-brained!"

"Its going to happen you guys, and you can't stop it. Not all of you will survive in there."

"But," Waterfang stepped forwards, "What if, since im guessing, if its the Mists of Time, we can't technically die in the past. So, if we do die, won't we still be alive if some of us some out alive?"

"I suppose..." Onestar trailed off. Firestar walked towards his trembling body.

"Why?!" Waterfang shook in horror. The leaders just looked at him.

"Its complicated-"

"Complicated?!" Waterfang's eyes widened. Bluestar walked up to him.

"Waterfang, if you dont stop this, our existence will be gone. If any of you dont do anything about this, your world will be a bunch of cat bones. You have to go in there and stop 20 of your worst past life enemies and events. If not, then itll attack the Clans. This is the only way. We chose you for a reason guys. Becasue you each had a tale, a tale of your lives that mean something important to Warrior history. This is another one. You can't fail this time." Bluestar concluded. Waterfang squeezed his eyes closed, crushing the ground from beneath him with his claws, before looking up.

"I'm in," Waterfang proposed, "I really don't care if i die or not, i want to help my clan," He turned around, "And any other clan." Everyone hesitated, looking at each other, then at Waterfang. Flameheart stood up,

"Im in!"

"Us two!" Lapis and Hollywhisker stood up. Bayberry, Silverwind, and Icefang stood up next.

"We're in!"

"Count us in!" Pumpkintail, Bramblefire, Peppercloud, and Mintshadepelt stood up next.

"Foxstep, c'mon!" Firesong stood up. Foxstep came next, sighing. Hollytuft, Swiftclaw, and MeadowWing came along next.

"Us too!" Skyheart and Rainsplash stood up too, "We're going to kick some clouds!"

"Us two, although we haven't even said a word," Nightwhisker stood with Waterfur and Birdwing. Everyone turned to Emeraldheart, who hasn't stood up yet. He sighed, closing his eyes.

"Well, i wasn't expecting this type of agreement of death, but," He stood up, "I'll help!" Waterfang smiled, then turned to the leaders, who too were smiling.

"Ok, now what's the plan?" Waterfang asked.

The Beginning of the End

"So that's what it looks like?" Nightwhisker gasped as the group stared out at the approaching fog from below. It's been a few days since the group had left the clans, now miles away from home. The fog looked deadly, as if its appearence showed it. And it was moving fast.

"Are you ready for this?" Flameheart whispered to Foxstep. She nodded in return. MeadowWing turned around, glancing at the world behind them, which was shining from the sun's glow. Swiftclaw's eyes gew scared as the fog began rushing up the hil towards them.

"We're all going to make it, i know we will," Pumpkintail encouraged her. Silverwind and Skyheart were eye locked on the fog as it edged closer, from meters, to tails lengths, until it was large enough to see through.

"Ok, Ok, StarClan, please protect us..." Hollytuft shook, the Mists of Time now blocking out the sun. The world grew dark as it began surrounding them whole. Behind them was a scene of beauty, now gone by a cloud of death. Emeraldheart shook as the sunlight began to vanish around them. It began to become harder to look at each other becasue of how cloudy it was in the Mists of Time. Waterfang took a deep breath out.

"We're in the Mists of Time..." The noises around them, ceased to a halt, except for the clouds and wind. Now, they were all on their own in a deadly place. Flameheart spoke up.

"We should split up,"

"What!" Emeraldheart gasped.

"We should though," She meowed, "We'll not only cover more ground, but we'll be able to take dow more of our past seperate, than all together. That way, we stop the Mists of Time early!"

"I don't know," Silverwind wondered, "We'll become more vulnerable seperated, right?"

"Not if we're tough!" Lapis reminded the group.

"Nightwhisker, Waterfang, Icefang, Pumpkintail, Foxstep and I should be a group!" Flameheart meowed.

"Silverwind, Skyheart, Mint, Bayberry, and Hollytuft should be another!"

"Lapis, Emeraldheart, Rainsplash, Firesong, Swiftclaw, and Peppercloud together."

"Birdwind, MeadowWing, Waterfur, Hollywhisker, and Bramblefire should be the last group!" Flameheart concluded.

"Well, i guess this is it then," Waterfur mewed. All of the cats lookde at each other in worry.

"See you guys on the other side..." Pumpkintail said to the group as all of them split up, padding into the forever lost Mists of Time.

Squirrels!

Firesong, felt nervous as his paws raked the cloudy floors. The wind flew softly, as if waiting for something to happen. He felt nervous since he too had no idea where they're go, where they're going, where they even are, And how they'd be able to get home, or back with each other. Shadowclan was his only home, and it dawned on him that in some point in time, someone's going to die. His group's been trekking for what seemed like hours, until finally, they found themselves surrounded by lush green trees and tall pines unlike any other. The sun flashed onto everyone's back, casting a dark glow onto the ground.

"Is this the first past, or is it a dream?" Emeraldheart wondered, tail floating in the wind, "It seems pretty happy and empty here!"

"Looks can be deceiving Emerald," Swiftclaw meowed. They turned around, watching as the fog vanished into nothing. Firesong frowned, *i guess we have to kill the villains to get it back.* Suddenly, a loud yelp startled the group as Peppercloud bounced into the air. An orange and grey figure darted through the group's legs.

"Not squirrels!"

"Why not, its fresh-kill!" Rainsplash tasted the scent of the squirrel as it drifted away.

"I have a feeling this is mine," Peppercloud shook, "I hate squirrels."

"You do? Then what do you eat?" Firesong was surprised.

"Ummmmmmm.....Mouse?"

"Good grief..." Firesong rolled his eyes, "This should be easy."

"Its not what it looks like guys, im serious!" Peppercloud meowed. The group kept walking, until they reached a wide opening, stretching out farther than their eyes can see into the distance.

"Hey look, a squirrel!" Emeraldheart gasped," And another one, and another one, and another one....." Emeraldheart trailed off as they stared wide-eyed at a large crowd of squirrels, the amount of the distance from the forest to the horizon. It seemed like a fresh-kill wonderland, but something wasn't right. Emeraldheart dashed out into the squirrels.

"YAY, FRESH-KILL FOR DAYS, NOM NOM NOM!"

"Emerald, Hold on, i don't feel safe about all these squirrels," Lapis warned Emeraldheart, before he swallowed one. Quickly, he spat them out onto the ground.

"They said that there was one enemy that you can kill. Its gotta be one of these squirrels!" Firesong mewed, his eyes scanning the horizon of grey tails.

"But then again, that would take a while because, we can't just kill random squirrels!" Rainsplash's eys widened, "This is going to take FOREVER!!"

"Wait a second," Firesong turned to Peppercloud, "Do you know how the squirrel looks like?" Peppercloud looked down, then back up.

"I think so. When i went hunting for one before i was frightened of them, i ran up a tree to get one. It had a black tail, with some mark on it. But then it attacked me, and i fell off! And, i think i got a nasty cut from the fall." Peppercloud finished. Swiftclaw stepped forwards.

"Lemme see." She looked from left to right, the thousands of squirrels all over the horizon paying no mind to the cats.

"I see it!"

"Where?"

"There, where the rocks are!" Sure enough, there was a black tail floating above the grey squirrels.

"How did you see that Swift?" Rainsplash gasped. Swiftclaw looked

up.

"Last night, they told us that four of us had some powers....I guess i could see stronger now," Swiftclaw meowed happily.

"All right, lets go!" Lapis yowled as the group ran off to the rocks. Firesong's muscles felt on fire as he ran towards the rocks, after the long walk from the beginning. The large boulders underground began to rise as they approached it, but as they did, less squirrels were there, until there was just the dark one, sleeping underneath the shade.

"Welp," Lapis breathed, "Here we go." She bent down, grabbing the squirrel by the neck. Immediately, it woke up screeching. Swiftly, she bit deep into its throat, killing it instantly. She felt blood slithering from the squirrel into her mouth, tasting horrible. But as she did that, the squirrels all turned to them, black eyes staring silently at them. Peppercloud's heart froze as Lapis put the dead squirrel on the ground in fear.

"Nobody make a sound," Lapis whispered. The group watched as it's body dissolved into ash, floating away silently.

"BYE! YOU GOT BEAT DOWN!!" Emeraldheart yelled at the ash. At once, the squirrels all jumped at them, bodies flinging into the cats. Rainsplash, Swiftclaw and Firesong broke free of the first swarm of squirrels, taking Lapis and Emerald and Peppercloud free with them. Peppercloud shrieked as she took off into the direction of forest.

"RUN!" The group sprinted as they felt the ground rumble behind them with tons of squirrels. *If either of them stop running, they're done for,* he thought to himself. Firesong felt one land on his back, biting his legs. Firesong let out a caterwaul, as he tumbled onto the ground.

"FIRESONG!!" Rainsplash ran back, lifting him up to his bloody paws, before sprinting again. Pain, worse than ever clawed at his flesh as some more squirrels attack him. Lapis knocked a few off of her as they tumbled into the tall pines, flipping their bodies on the side of the hill. Firesong landed heavily onto a rock at the bottom,

hidden in some ferns. Peppercloud's voice yowled over the sounds of the squirrels.

"This way, hurry!" She cried. The squirrels looked like a wave approaching, and Firesong scrambled to his paws again, rushing towards Peppercloud's voice. She was nearby the Mists of Time area, now open again since they defeated the villain. Everyone ran into the mist, including Firesong.

"Wait, where's Swiftclaw?!" Lapis yelped, kicking a squirrel to the side. Suddenly, the black and white she-cat came crashing in from the bushes, her eyes wild. Suddenly, a whole group of squirrels jumped on her, bringing her weight down. Her screams echoed the forest in horror.

"SWIFTCLAW!" Firesong screamed, rushing out of the mists towards her. He swung his claws, slicing a whole bunch, and pulling Swiftclaw out of the racket. Pain burned in both of their chest as they struggled to get through the Mists. All the squirrels were bearing down on them, but at the last second, Swiftclaw grabbed Firesong by the scruff, hauling his body in, along with hers. The clouds began closing the entrance on the cats, the forest of squirrels fading into nothing. When the noises finally ceased to a halt, they both let out a sigh of relief. Pain jolted in both of their bodies.

"I hate squirrels," Swiftclaw gasped, "Never again am i going after one." Firesong nodded.

"Same thing..." There were cuts and gashes of bite marks on them, blood slowly running through their fur.

"Oh StarClan, that was easy?! Oh man..."

Nightwhisker's Memory

Pumpkintail's eyes burned with pain as her legs began aching from beneath her. She felt wobbly, walking for what seemed like miles in an endless fog cloud. She could tell that the group was tired too, Nightwhisker stumbling, Flameheart having bags under her eyes. Waterfang's tail was drooped low. Suddenly, the fog began vanishing, and a cold wind blew into their faces.

"Is this our first one?" Pumpkintail wondered. Trees loomed from above, and a cold feeling rubbed her pads.

"Snow?" Pumpkintail sneezed, "Why is it leaf-bare?"

"I LOVE LEAF-BARE!!" Icefang meowed, jumping into the deep snow, camouflaging instantly from her fur.

"I have a feeling that this one is mine..." Nightwhisker breathed, looking around nervously. Flameheart turned.

"Well, what enemy was it?"

"Dogs."

"Noooooo! Why does this one have to be so complicated?!" Icefang lifted herself up from the ground, shaking, her teeth chattering.

"Yeah, you deserve to freeze, jumping into snow like that!" Foxstep purred. Pumpkintail could just laugh at the amusement from her friend. The wind howled in the distance, mountains overlooking the forest. Something felt familiar.

"Isn't this where the Clans are?" Foxstep gasped.

""Hey," Pumpkintail pricked up her ears, "Do you hear that?" The group fell silent, hearing a sudden yowling and barking in the distance. Without hesitation, Nightwhisker took off running to the voices.

"NIGHTWHISKER!" Pumpkintail yelped as she sprinted after him, Foxstep and Waterfang behind her. Pumpkintail ran up a hill, overlooking the forest. Nightwhisker was leaning close on the trees, his eyes cold with fear. There was something moving behind the tree.

"SHHHH!!" He whispered, putting a claw to his mouth. A noise sounded behind them, causing both cats to lower on the tree trunk.

"What is that?" She whispered. Suddenly, paw steps edged closer to the trunk where they hid, the scent of dogs digging a hole in their nostrils. Pumpkintail closed her eyes as the breath of one dog fried her fur. Nightwhisker covered his mouth, horrified. Eventually, the dog vanished.

"Where's everyone else?" Nightwhisker mewed. Pumpkintail shrugged.

"I don't see them..." The black tom turned from the tree to the hill. Another cat yowled in the distance, and Nightwhisker's eyes went wide.

"MOM!" He cried.

"NO!" Pumpkintail covered his mouth, but by then, there were two dogs standing in front of them, jaws drooling of blood. Pumpkintail backed up into the trunk of the tree as the dog moved forwards, mouth opened in a gap towards her, its breath coming in closer. Her heart skipped several beats, stomach lurching as the dogs growled.

"Don't make a sound...." Nightwhisker whispered. Pumpkintail's paws shook in the snow in horror as the dog's shadow covered her in fear. Suddenly, it lunged, slamming its head into the wood as Pumpkintail ducked.

"RUN!" She shrieked as they both went hurtling up the hill. The dog's breath was nearby, blowing onto her hind legs. She saw a few cats, and recognized them immediately in front of them.

"Flameheart!" She cried over the barks, "Guys?!"

"Pumpkintail, Nightwhisker, NO!" Suddenly, the shadows around

the group, turned into dogs, and both warriors skidded to a halt. Seconds later, a dog lunged out of nowhere, slamming into Pumpkintail, pinning her body down.

"PUMPKIN!" Flameheart backed up as the shadows created a circle around her friends. The dog latched his teeth around her scruff, then shook her body. The world turned upside down as her body flung violently from side to side. After a while, she felt her body let go, crashing into the cold snow. Her body felt dead as she struggled to stand. The dog charged into her, flinging her backwards.

"Nightwhisker!" Pumpkintail cried as she and the dog went hurtling off a cliff. She threw her claws out, grabbing onto a rock in her slide. She held on tightly, dangling on the edge as the dog fell out of sight, barking and whining to his death. Nightwhisker ran as fast as he could to Pumpkintail, watching her lose her grip.

"Pumpkin, hold on!" He shrieked. Pumpkintail felt her claws sliding off the snowy side, her stomach lurching as she looked down into darkness. Her eyes went wide.

"Help ME!" She cried, her paws falling off the cliff side, while at the same time, Nightwhisker slid on the snow, frantically diving for her. Its seemed like slow motion as Pumpkintail fell slowly. Her eyes went wide in horror as he missed the first time, then caught her scruff as they both went over. His body jerked suddenly as his paw grabbed onto the cliff. Nightwhisker screamed in pain as his arm cracked with his jerk.

"Yoowoowwwwww!! Pumpkintail, hold on!" Nightwhisker called painfully, his face twisted, hurt, as his claws began sliding in the icy ground.

"I can't hold on!" He cried out, watching as his head began lowering below the cliff.

"Pumpkintail, I'm sorry," His eyes were red, "We're going to fall, i can't hold on..."

"Let go," She said calmly, swinging from side to side, "Its okay." Nightwhisker looked down at her in fear, her eyes with terror but

courage. He closed his eyes, gritting his teeth, then releasing his claws from the cliff.

"NO!" Something snagged onto Nightwhisker's arm suddenly in mid-fall, pulling both cats up to the surface. Nightwhisker's eyes were still closed, until he popped one open, looking at a silver and black striped cat looking down at them.

"WATERFANG!" Pumpkintail's eyes went wide, scrambling to her paws, then jumping on him in relief. But then confusion began to settle in, "But why?"

"I'm not letting anyone die early," Waterfang's eyes were burning with cold fire, "I can't lose you guys." He stood up with Pumpkintail, then helped Nightwhisker to his pads.

"Sorry," Nightwhisker sighed, "I shouldn't have let go."

"Its okay," Waterfang meowed, placing his tail on Nightwhisker's shoulder, "It was a brave thing to do anyway."

"Speaking of which, how'd you get away from the dogs?" Nightwhisker asked shivering. Waterfang groaned.

"It was tough for us to even escape. We're all still alive, thank StarClan. We also killed all of them, but one got away, somehow..." He meowed, washing his paws for heat from the cold wind.

"We can't get out until we get the dog," Pumpkintail flattened her ears, "He could be anywhere!"

"And he may be the toughest to kill," Waterfang concluded, "But i think i know where he took off."

----------Minutes Later----------

"Dang," Flameheart meowed as Pumpkintail finished, "i would've been screaming my heart out in that situation!" Pumpkintail nodded, watching Nightwhisker painfully limp with Waterfang leading the way, scenting out the dog. The trees reminded Flameheart of how the Dark Forest may have looked when the cats

from there attacked the Clans years ago. Now, its possibly empty. *StarClan would nothing like this*, she thought, *it would be sunnier, and warmer, and have lots of-*

"DOG!" Waterfang cried out as the shadow of a dog walked out of the shadows.

"Wait," Nightwhisker held Waterfang back, stumbling towards the figure, "Its not a dog." A cat then walked through, exposing herself in the moonlight. Her pelt was the same as Nightwhisker's fur, and her eyes gleamed with pride.s

"Hello my kit," She meowed.

"MOM!" Nightwhisker ran towards her, nudging her and licking her, "I missed you Sweetpelt." Waterfang's face lit up. He found what he was looking for...

"Wait but, how did you know it was me?" Nightwhisker asked backing up nervously. His mom lowered her face, flattening her ears.

"Your birthmark on your tail," She meowed, "I remembered it when you were born. Until i lost you."

"But, you and dad, you both died!"

"True," She meowed, "But the dead is always alive in the Mists of Time." Nightwhisker chuckled, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"Who are your friends?" She asked. Nightwhisker turned with pride.

"This is Waterfang, Pumpkintail, Flameheart, Icefang-"

"DOG!" Pumpkintail shrieked. Nightwhisker frowned.

"Nobody here's named 'DOG'..."

"No, DOG!!!" Pumpkintail hissed, backing up. Suddenly, a growl sounded nearby. Waterfang's head shot to the bushes as the dog stepped out, its teeth stained with blood.

"Oh no," Nightwhisker gasped. Then, the dog lunged, but it lunged towards Nightwhisker's mom.

"NO!" He jumped in front of Sweetpelt, jumping towards the dog at the same time, but was violently tossed backwards, his body slamming into the rocks, where he laid limply.

"NIGHTWHISKER!!" Icefang yowled. The dog began advancing towards the black lump of fur, until Waterfang lunged onto the dog's back, sinking his fangs into its flesh.

"We gotta help them!" Pumpkintail cried out, advancing towards the dog. The dog shook, detaching Waterfang, where he fell onto the snow. Pumpkintail slicing his face, while Flameheart trucked the dog to its side. Icefang began to dig scratches into its flesh. The dog howled in pain, jumped up. He grabbed Waterfang by the scruff, tossing him into the tree, where a bone-breaking sound echoed from Waterfang's body.

"NO!" Flameheart shrieked.

"Keep it confused!" Sweetpelt screeched. All four cats began circling the dog, their teeth flashing, eyes burning with pain and strength.

"NOW!" And like that, all of them lunged. Flameheart was thrown to the floor, the dog's paw digging into her chest. Pumpkintail managed to slice the dog's side again, while Sweetpelt bit its leg. The dog tumbled onto the ground in pain, then with its last effort, swung at Sweetpelt. Pumpkintail jumped near the dog, her eyes burning with anger.

"I-hate-dogs," She growled, swinging her claws into its throat. The dog screamed, shaking until it went limp, blood soaking the snow. Waterfang's mewes of pain echoed behind them, as he limped, bloody and scratched, back to the group. Pumpkintail's eyes lit up, *he's OK! And so is Nightwhisker!* Nightwhisker was thankfully still unconscious though. Sweetpelt was wincing in pain strangely, and Flameheart could see the blood growing in her fur from the dog's last swing. Horror began to grow in her throat.

"Your hurt!"

"Its fine," She croaked, eyes burning in pain and grief, then groaned as she tumbled onto her side. Flameheart's eyes went wide.

"Guys, you gotta help Sweetpelt!" She cried out. Pumpkintail placed her paws into her deep cut, feeling the blood flow loosely from her pelt. Her breathing was growing shallow

"You gonna be OK, right? StarClan please help her!" Pumpkintail pleaded, "Your son loves you, you have to see him again, stay here!" Sweetpelt's chest was shaking, more blood staining Pumpkintail's paws. Sweetpelt's eyes were glazing over, eyelids unmoving.

"She DYING!" Waterfang screeched in horror, "Save her!"

"Wait, Mintshadepelt uses cobwebs to stop cuts, GET COBWEBS!" Flameheart insisted to Icefang, who was looking over at Nightwhisker. In seconds, she returned with cobwebs. Pumpkintail placed the cobwebs onto the she-cat's chest, and like that, the cut stopped bleeding. Both she-cats gave a sigh of relief, watching Sweetpelt taking in deep breaths, and lifting her head.

"What happened?" She asked groggily. Pumpkintail breathed smiling,

"You almost died for a second." Sweetpelt's eyes widened.

"Woops."

"Waterfang!" Pumpkintail raced from Sweetpelt's side, rushing to the limping RiverClan cat.

"I broke my paw," He sighed in pain, "I don't know if i could walk."

"Thank you Waterfang," Sweetpelt whispered as she stood up, stumbling for a second, "You saved Nightwhisker. I owe you my thanks." Waterfang dipped his head.

"Come with us!" Flameheart meowed, "You could help us stop the Mists-"

"I cannnot," She mewed, "I'm already gone, i can't help you. Your on your own on this adventure." She limped over to Nightwhisker's

frozen body, nudging him. The tom just shook, narrowing his head.

"Ehh...stop....that hurts..." he mumbled.

"Knew you were faking," She purred.

The First Death

Hollytuft felt her bruised leg mid-way through the fog, which was starting to feel painful as they edged closer to their first challenge. Hollywhisker was in the front, jumping up and waving through the foggy area. Mintshadepelt was sluggishly padding through the foggy ground, nearby to Silverwind and Skyheart, sharing tongues. Bayberry was next to Hollytuft, her white and brown fur glowing in the only light. Suddenly, the foggy ground dropped suddenly, and Hollytuft cried out as she landed on her bad leg.

"I'm fine," She meowed in pain, "Its nothing."

"Guess this is our first one?" Bayberry sighed, helping Hollytuft to her paws. There were no trees, just a sunny sky with clouds of white. The ground was smooth, but the smell stank with swamp. Flies buzzed around the cats, and Mintshadepelt began complaning.

"I hate bugs! Always biting things," Mintshadepelt hissed, crushing one between her paws. Hollytuft spotted some Twolegs upstream, with their roaring monsters, uprooting trees and bushes.

"Maybe this is mine Mint, not yours," Hollytuft meowed. The Twolegs looked familiar, with that same red truck or extermination. She could remember how they were the ones who killed majority of the animals in the forest near the mountains. They used large stick, that spat out fire, and wooden sticks that they used to hit things with, somee with sharp metal. Her heart began beating faster as she saw them hauling out some of those sticks.

"Please don't tell me its a Twoleg," Mintshadepelt gasped, "Because this will be the hardest challenge yet!"

"Its the one that tried to kill me," She sighed, her eyes scanning the horizon of the fur-less creatures.

"Maybe we just need to scratch them, to scare them off so that the fog can open up again!" Her heart sank as a memory of the Twoleg

incident ran through her head. It was moons ago when she was an apprentice, when the Twolegs spotted the Clans. In fury, they shot some cats with the metal sticks, and captured others in cages. Hollytuft could remember the pain as one of them swung its wooden stick, slamming it on her legs, leaving her bruised, battered, and bloody. Some of the cats were drowned in cages in the lake, which was horrifying to watch.

"Hollytuft!" Mintshadepelt hissed, knocking Hollytuft out of her trance, "We're moving, stop lolly gagging!"

"Coming," She shook, her neck hairs bristling with worry. The sounds of the monsters were roaring in their ears.

"We gotta cross this?" Silverwind groaned as they stared at the road where the monsters rolled by on, their huge black paws scarring the surface. The rocky surface shook as a monster, holding a few Twolegs flew by, leaving a cloud of smoke from a metal stick.

"Yuck," Skyheart wrinkled his nose from the smell, "How do they live in a smelly thing like that?"

"Who knows," Mintshadepelt sighed as the rocky road's shaking halted, "Twoleg's are mouse-brained. That's what i was taught!" The medicine cat looked right to left, before she took off across the road.

"Alright, everyone else, lets go!" She called. The ground was still silent, so no monsters in sight. Quickly, Skyheart walked over the pavement. Hollywhisker came next. Hollytuft began to walk over with Bayberry, but they both froze, as the black surface began to rumble.

"Two monsters!" Skyheart cried out, rushing quickly to the other side. Bayberry began to run, but she tripped suddenly, a screech of pain echoing behind Hollytuft.

"Im hurt!" She cried out, a river of blood rushing down his knee. The view of the monsters came closer, and Hollytuft meowed in worry, "C'mon Bayberry!" The she-cat limped painfully as fast as she could, but the monsters were gaining on her.

"I can't!" She cried out. Hollytuft rushed forwards, feeling the ground shaking harder, while pushing Bayberry forwards. Quickly, she grabbed her by the scruff, hauling her over the hard ground, watching as the two monsters began rushing faster and faster, not even stopping!

"They're not STOPPING!!" Hollytuft cried. Within a second, they were tail lengths away. Hollytuft threw Bayberry onto the other side, where he skidded onto the grass.

"Hollytuft!" Mintshadepelt cried as the monsters rolled over. Hollytuft thankfully rushed into a yellow line, avoiding the two monsters. Another bunch of monster began coming up too.

"Help!" Hollytuft yowled, her face nearly getting slammed by a monster. Hollytuft took a step forwards as another monster passed, then ran. But she already was doomed, as the group watched horrified, a monster screeching towards the black she-cat. It began turning to avoid her, but instead landed on its back, a large noise booming before her. Hollytuft closed her eyes, *this is my end, here it comes...* But before she could come to a fate like that, Silverwind jumped towards her, pulling her back onto the ground using her teeth to Hollytuft's scruff. The monster kept on rolling, then exploding into an orange flame, knocking the group back a few feet. Bayberry cried out as she landed on her bleeding leg. Flames began to lick the walls of the black monster, while Twolegs tumbled out of the belly, hands above their heads.

"Did i do that?" Hollytuft was startled, but Mint was horrified.

"Run!" Mintshadepelt yowled to the group, "Run up the hill before they see us!" The group sprinted up the hill in horror, Hollytuft slipping on some rocks on the way up.

"Is everyone here?" Mintshadepelt cried. Bayberry turned around and screamed.

"TWOLEG!" she cried jumping to safety. Hollytuft felt herself getting thrown on the ground by the Twoleg's feet, knocking her in a cage.

"GUYS HELP!" She cried, trying to ram the cage entrance, now

blocked off by silver material. She felt the cage rattle as it lifted up to the Twoleg's face. Her eyes widened in horror as the Twoleg let out a smile of evil.

"AUGH!" Another cat cried next to her. Holly's eyes widened wider.

"No! Silverwind!" Hollytuft cried before the cage shook hard, knocking her head into the side, until she saw darkness.

Silverwind's memories rushed back as soon as she felt the cage beginning to move again. Somewhat, she could actually understand the Twoleg's language, which horrified her.

"Alright, we get rid of these cats, then work on the rest of the forest right Tim?"

"Yeah. They plan make this spot a new jogging path and build other houses, maybe a newer boardwalk where the old one is."

"I wonder why there are so much of these cats though. That why tomorrow afternoon, we get rid of the rest after we kill these two." Silverwind's heart lurched.

"We can't just shoot one with these useless rifles! We can't show the public animal blood, or we'll get arrested!"

"That's why we do the opposite. We drown them. Nobody will know!" Silverwind tucked her tail underneath her body deep enough where the tip of it touched her belly. She was frightened enough that she and Hollytuft were in trouble. She spotted her laying down, her back facing Silverwind.

"Holly!" She whispered to Hollytuft, her voice shaking in the air. Hollytuft didn't budge.

"Holly, we gotta find a way out of this, and i know we will if we work together! C'mon what do you say?" Hollytuft let out a sniff.

"Some of my friends were right all along years ago. I'm useless. I lead a path to a dead end. I can't do anything right..."

"What? No that's not true-"

"When was the last time Silverwind that i did something remarkable, something that made me special to my Clan? Name me one!" She hissed angry. Silverwind opened her jaw, but nothing came out. She was right about not being remarkable or even cared about, or even have good friends, actual friends in her clan, aside from others outside the clan during gatherings.

"That doesn't matter Holly. You're smarter than that, i mean, why would StarClan choose you if you weren't who you are today!" Silverwind encouraged. Hollytuft looked up.

"It doesn't even matter if we die or not, you came with us, and we're finishing this together!" Silverwind hissed, "Stop giving up on yourself. I know you can do this." Suddenly, one of the Twolegs stood up, grabbing Silverwind's cage.

"No, Holly! Holly! Don't leave me ok!" She screamed as the Twoleg began walking her down to the lake. Hollytuft's eyes widened, her heart beating faster as the sun began to rise again.

"Ok, Ok....." She began shaking, feeling the cage wobble as the other Twoleg lifted her up, walking her towards the water. She glanced at the other Twoleg with Silverwind, beginning to lower her.

"This is the first time i'm gonna drown something! Its something worth watching!" He said coldly. Anger began to rush into Hollytuft's body, and she narrowed her eyes.

"Ok." Backing up to the edge of the cage, she ran up, slamming her body into the entrance. The Twoleg jolted forwards in confusion.

"Careful Hank!" The Twoleg grumbled, lowering Silverwind slowly.

"NO! NO! PLEASE!!" Silverwind shrieked as her paws began getting wet in the lake.

"C'mon!" Hollytuft cried, running into it again. The Twoleg then tripped, his hand flying off of the cage, while Hollytuft tumbled upside down, the cage crashing and flipping into the lake. Hollytuft took in a deep breath as water slammed into her, her body hitting

the top of the cage. Hollytuft's heart lurched, I'm gonna drown! She thought. The enterance wasn't budging no matter how much she tried to break it. The breath was running out of her body quickly, and her lungs screamed. Suddenly, a Twoleg hand reached out, snatching the cage and lifting her up. Hollytuft's mind went into action quickly before she came back into the air.

"I got it back!" The Twoleg moaned, lifted the now algae and muddy cage from the water. Silverwind's eyes went wide when she saw Hollytuft flat on the bottom of the cat, her body lifeless. Silverwind rushed to the side.

"NO! HOLLY!!!" She cried out, feeling the water reaching her shoulders.

"Hey hey, we got one!" The Twoleg cried, pulling the keys from his pocket to unlock the door. He pulled Hollytuft by the scruff all wet and soggy, and placed her on the grass, where she laid limply. Silverwind's heart shattered when she saw her friend's body. Suddenly, her heart came back when Holly's eyes opened up, winking towards Silverwind.

"She's playing dead!" She meowed smiling. As soon as one of the Twolegs went to touch her, she awoken, snatching the keys and bodying the Twoleg that held Silverwind. The Twoleg's yelped in horror and surprised, but dropped Silverwind into the water. Hollytuft slashed a Twoleg in the legs, then attacked the other one, forcing them both to sprint away up to the hill. Hollytuft turned, watching bubbles pop on the surface.

"Silverwind!" Hollytuft cried, jumping back into the water. I can swim, she thought, pushing her body deeper underwater, C'mon! She saw the cage bump the lake floor, which turned the world around them brown and dirty. Hollytuft saw Silverwind scrambling into the front, her eyes wide in happiness. Quickly, she took out the keys, but horror grew into her chest. There were more than one.

Silverwind felt the air in her chest floating away, and her lungs were burning. Hurry! She wanted to scream, but her voice died

underwater. Hollytuft slammed another key in, but it wan't the right fit. Silverwind's lungs were burning up more, and she felt like screaming, her head on fire.

"Please!" She cried out, slamming her body into the cage entrance. Hollytuft slammed another key in, but it didn't work. Her breath was fading away too, but it wasn't as bad as Silverwind's.

"Silver, stay with me!" She meowed underwater. Silverwind's eyes were dropping, her body shaking. Hollytuft jammed in a yellow key, which wasn't right either. But then it got stuck. Hollytuft desperately jerked the keys, but it didn't budge.

"SILVER!" She cried, watching her friend jerk in the water. She's suffocating! She pulled again, but the key jerked out, floating away into the darkness. One last bubble slowly drew away from Silverwind's mouth, and she collasped onto the bottom of the cage. Hollytuft slammed her paws onto the cage.

"NOO!!" she yowled. She felt her breath beginning to drip silently away from her. Her claw! She didn't realize! She jammed her claw into the key, trying to hit something that'll click. A click sounded in the deep water, and the cage popped open wide. Quickly, Hollytuft ran inside, pulling Silverwind's body up, and swam to the surface. Seconds later, Hollytuft cried out, air rushing into her lungs, which hurt a lot. She swam to the edge of the beach her body sliding onto the grass. She pulled Silverwind's body onto the grass too, then looked at her. Her eyes were glossy when she lifted them, which scared her.

"Silverwind!" Hollytuft cried shaking her. The she-cat was silent. She squeezed her chest, feeling water deep in her lungs. Quickly, she pushed continously, shaking her.

"Silverwind, you promised me never to give up, now wake up! Don't give up yet!" She yowled. She kept pushing, then let go. Her ears flattened, her tail dropping on the floor in horror. She's gone, she thought, trying not to think about it. Relief spread into her as Silverwind suddenly jolted up, coughing up some lake water.

"Silver! Oh thank StarClan!" She cried lifting up. Silverwind stood

up, coughing some more.

"Did i die?" She muttered. Hollytuft purred.

"Thank you," Hollytuft meowed.

"Thank you too!" Silverwind dipped her head, "Now, we gotta go back to our friends."

"Oh yeah," Hollytuft mewed, shuffling her paws. Together, they both trekked into the forest, where the Mists began to open up.

"It finished!" Silverwind cried joyfully. Hollytuft kept running, until she stopped abruptly. Silverwind turned around, noticing her friend freezing.

"Holly? Is everything ok?" Silverwind wondered. Hollytuft narrowed her eyes.

"It smells like those sticks, those things that hurt my leg-" Hollytuft cut off, turning around in horror. Suddenly, in two seconds, a gun shot sounded behind them. Hollytuft jerked violently, landed on her side with a thump. Silverwind shrieked.

"HOLLY!" Another gunshot sounded, hitting Silverwind in the shoulder. In pain, she pulled Hollytuft and herself behind a fallen tree. Tears began rushing though Silverwind in pain and for her friend. Hollytuft was either dead or unconscious. Blood was rushing though her ribs, and her breathing was slowing down, until it stopped completly.

"HOLLY!!"

Quake

Bramblefire felt worried about Waterfur's past from before. Its been hours since the occurrence happened on their first obstacle, and it was a rogue. It gave Waterfur a bad gash, and it was somewhat difficult to stop him, but they did. Now, they were in a mountainous area, which was Birdwing's past. However, he didn't know what it was though. Bramblefire was in charge of watching them sleep while he stood guard. The group was going to sleep now, and its been hours since they had fresh-kill. The taste of mouse still rumbled through Bramblefire's chest. MeadowWing and Waterfur were sleeping nearby with Hollywhisker, Waterfur's chest rising up and down along with the cut. The sky was lighting up, the sun splashing the world in its lively glow. Suddenly, a noise make Bramblefire's ears prick in its direction. Was it mouse? Suspicously, he began walking towards the bushes, busting through towards a small opening. The ground sloped down into an area, that had an edge to another part of the forest. There was the sound again from there, and Bramblefire trampled over some branches towards it. It was a cliff, a pretty small one in fact. The trees roots were a tail-length away from him, and so was the ground.

"Hello?" He called out into the green area. Bramblefire looked down at the roots of the trees. It was *moving*. Not only that, but the ground below was moving. Bramblefire's eyes went wide. He remembered his parents telling him about an event called a quake, when the ground shifted on a cracked area, like a cliff, but there laid the strongest of the quake. Could this be one? He sensed the ground shift slightly below his pads, rocks raining down on the ground below him. It really is one, he cried out, stepping back as more sounds of the crack sounded in front of him. The trees swayed slightly, and the ground below Bramblefire shook a little. In seconds, he took off towards the group in horror. The leaves splat into his face as he ran, groans sounding behind him.

"GUYS!!" He yowled as he ran, the ground beginning to sway, "RUN!!" He screamed, now a few monster lengths away. Then, the

ground jolted. Bramblefire felt the ground disappear below him as he fell onto his side. The trees shook wildly, leaves raining from below. He struggled to get up, but another jolt threw him to the side. The world shook violently, rocks rolling from side to side. A tree crashed nearby, exploding into splinters of wood, slicing his flesh.

"AHHHH!!" He cried, as the ground slammed onto the ground, tossing him another way. His body began flopping down a slope that wasn't there before. *NO*, he thought, *I'm falling away from the group*! His claws dug into the wavy earth, slowing his fall. Quickly, he sprinted down a fallen tree over a small ditch, his claws digging into the tree as it swayed from side to side. The horizon moved like waves on the sea in the distance. Suddenly, the tree began to crack! Before Bramblefire could move, he found himself falling, getting buried in soil and wood. He chocked painfully, rocks slamming into him. And just like that, the earthquake stopped. His breath was shallow in the darkness as the weight of the world began crushing his bones. He felt liquid oozing down his forepaw and his chest, and began to struggle more.

"HELP!" He winced as he lifted up the heaviest piece of wood on him. Suddenly, the ground began to rumble, and Bramblefire's heart quickened.

"NO!" He cried as the ground jolted again. He began to feel himself getting freed, and painfully, he busted through the pile, only getting slammed on by a larger piece of wood. His eyesight dimmed as it slammed his head, knocking him out where he only saw darkness. He could still feel the ground shaking his body like a lifeless piece of fresh-kill, until it stopped just like before. Now, he was tangled in some vines from the tree, wrapping around his body like a snake. His tail laid deep underneath the bark of the tree, trapping him. Bramblefire's vision began to clear again, but now, the scenery was different. The sun was lower in the sky, shadows floating like butterflies on the ground. Bramblefire's body ached in pain, scratches bleeding all over. The forest fell silent, trees leaning in mid-fall, earth ripped, and cracks growing. Bramblefire tried to push through the vines, but they were tight and large on him.

"MeadowWing! He yowled, "Birdwing, Waterfur! Anyone?" his voice

just echoed into the distance. Horror began to grow in Bramblefire's throat. He felt the ropes tightening around his neck, the harder it was making him to breathe. Suddenly, a voice sounded nearby.

"Guys? GUYS?!" He cried.

"Bramblefire!" The she-cat meowed in surprise, as MeadowWing sprinted to the tom.

"Are you ok?"

"No," Bramblefire hissed, "I'm choking and im stuck." MeadowWing narrowed her eyes.

"Well that explains a lot. Lemme see if i could free you." She sliced the vines like leaves, causing Bramblefire to fall onto the ground, untangling the other vines squeezing his paws.

"My tail!" He winced, trying to pull it out. The wooden tree was squeezing it closed underneath, and it was hard enough to even move it. MeadowWing raced over to his side, then began digging into the earth.

"What are you doing?"

"If i can dig a hole, you tail could slip out easily," She meowed, her paws moving like a blur, until finally, Bramblefire felt his blood rushing to his crushed tail. He quickly jumped forwards, feeling a jolt of pain as he landed on his busted paws.

"Thanks," Bramblefire meowed in shame. MeadowWing nudged him.

"Its ok, no need to be upset."

"How did you guys get out? I didn't get to warn you in time!" Bramblefire lifted a paw. MeadowWing's face grew shallow.

"When it began, we all woke up in a flash. The ground shook us like nothing, so i don't know where everyone went. They all scattered into the rubble. Now, they could be anywhere, even in the Mists of Time!"

"I figured," Bramblefire breathed. The sun was setting into darkness, making the clouds vanish in the sky. He began padding up the slope.

"Bramblefire?" MeadowWing wondered curious.

"What? We got searching to do, we don't have much time! C'mon!"

Flameheart's Battle

Waterfang felt dead. The group was waking up from what seemed like the shortest nap ever. The sky was lighting up from the coming sunlight, shining on the Mists of Time. Its been open for hours, and it was smart of the group to sleep outside from their previous obstacle, and avoid the next one by first getting rest and food, especially next to Nightwhisker's long lost parent. But it felt worse for Waterfang, since he broke his bone from the dog, tossing him into a tree. The pain felt worse when he moved too, like liquid fire in his veins. But atlas, he has to anyway. Painfully, he grunted as he lifted his body, his paw feeling like it was just set ablaze.

"You ok?" Pumpkintail wondered. Waterfang sighed.

"I'm fine. Its just broken, i could manage." But he felt like he couldn't. How could he even take on the next challenge when he was already broken on the first?"

"You journey await," Sweetpelt meowed calmly as she lifted up. Waterfang grew nervous as he paw went across her cut chest. He could remember the horror of her falling over from the loss of blood from the dog. But at least everyone was still alive. Hopefully.

"Thanks Sweetpelt," Nightwhisker mewed, "For everything. And the mice."

"Hopefully we meet again in StarClan," She meowed, sadness growing in her body. They both came close to each other, laying their heads on each other.

"Promise me that you'll succeed, and you make life count," She whispered. Nightwhisker nodded, her eyes burning in grief.

"I promise."

"C'mon guys, we're losing day.....er mist-time," Flameheart corrected. The group waved goodbye to the she-cat, watching the

area, and her vanish into nothing. Nightwhisker's whiskers twitched as he stared unmoving.

"I'll never see her again." he whispered. Waterfang limped over to the tom, his ears flattening.

"Don't say that, of course you will. When we join the stars." He encouraged. Nightwhisker squeezed his eyes as he stared into the fog.

"Yeah, the stars...." He dragged his tail in sorrow across the ground. Waterfang's heart lurched. *Did i say something wrong to him,* he thought as he followed, *i don't want him to be sad*. Suddenly, Flameheart's shriek of terror sounded ahead.

"Flame! NOO!" Pumpkintail's body was on the floor by the time Icefang, Waterfang and Nightwhisker arrived.

"Where's Flame?" Pumpkintail's eyes were wide. Waterfang caught a glimpse of blood welling up on her side.

"What the-"

"Flameheart got taken! She's gone! Some cats outta nowhere that look like her attacked me!" She cried out, wincing in pain. Icefang walked over, helping her to her pads.

"Flame?!" Waterfang yowled into the mist trotting away.

"FLAME?!"

"Flameheart where are youuuuuu?" Icefang ran into one direction with Pumpkintail, while Waterfang ran with Nightwhisker in another. The mist burned in Waterfang's eyes as water droplets flew into his face.

"Waterfang wait!" Nightwhisker cried from behind, jumping in front of him, "What if this is Flameheart's past?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," Nightwhisker hissed, "Maybe she could stop it herself."

"I don't know about that," Waterfang rasied a paw nervously, "She's alone out there. What if we actually lose her?!"

Flameheart's memories were coming back painfully in her head. She could remember walking with Pumpkintail, until three figures jumped out of nowhere, slamming into both of them. She remembered claws, blood, and darkness. Like now, she was in darkness. And she was being *carried*. She couldn't really feel her body completely, except for the pain from before. Finally, after what felt like forever, she felt the blood beginning to rush through her veins, and the feeling in her muscles were growing. Her eyelids opened up slowly, feeling dazed and stunned. The ground was moving beneath her, grass blowing in the wind beneath her. Flameheart's tail dragged lifelessly on the forest floor. Her pelt was red and stained with blood too. Suddenly, the sunlight vanished, and the ground was replaced with a rocky cool surface. The breaths of the cats scorched her fur as the cat held her scuff tightly. One of the cats was holding another cat, a cat that looked familiar. The ground sloped a bit into a little cavern with a small pool of water. The cats stopped there, but then all of a sudden, Flameheart felt her scruff let go, and she slammed into the ground, tumbling to a stop near the edge of the pool. Pain struck her in the head and in her bones as what seemed like the weight of the world was crushing her. Another she-cat's cries tumbled nearby her. Flameheart's body ached as the rocks scratched her skin. Who was that other cat?

"Its nice to see you two again," One of the cats meowed, her eyes flashing back memories of each other. Flameheart's fur on her neck prickled in horror as she turned to look at the cats.

"Sapphire? Mustard!"

"Its Icefall Flame!" Sapphire growled, unsheathing her claws and lashing her tail. She swung her paw at Flameheart, knocking her back into the wall, lines of blood dripping down the side of her face. Icefall jumped towards her, slamming Flameheart's head against the rocks again, while one of Icefall's paws landed on Flame's shoulders, another on her throat. Pain rushed through her body again, now making her vision a blur.

"I know what your doing sister, i know that your trying to stop the Mists." Icefall snapped. The claws starting digging into her fur, blood staining Icefall's claws. Flameheart shrieked in pain as her sister dug further.

"Why are you doing this?" Flameheart hissed, "You don't have to-"

"We don't have to what Flame!" Mustard snarled behind Icefall, "We don't need you in our lives no longer. You killed us because you wanted revenge. Now its payback..." Flameheart struggled to get free of Icefall's grip as Mustard, or Rowanfang padded over to the other cat that was laying on the floor. Her brother lifted the she-cat up, and Flameheart shrieked in terror.

"Willowfeather! What did you do to her?!" She tried to bust free of Icefall, but her paws clamped over the ThunderClan warrior's mouth shut. The she-cat's body was bruised and bloody, and her eyes were wide in horror.

"Flame?!" Mustard approached Flameheat, lips curled in a snarl.

"You're going to tell me What you saw in that cave you fell into. Everything." Flameheart's heart lurched as memories of the cave and Waterfur rushed into her brain. she remembered the prophecy, written on the walls as if a Twoleg was there years ago. She could remember the pictures coming in order of dead cats. But it was along time ago, why would they want it now? Flameheart shook her head,

"I rather die than give you those secrets!" She hissed. She felt piercing pain digging into her shoulder as Icefall's claws punctured her skin. Flameheart shrieked on the ground, Willowfeather's body still slumped on the wall.

"I heard that it was pictures of the future." Mustard hissed as he circled Flameheart. Icefall began circling like him, allowing Flameheart to stand.

"Tell us what were on those pictures!" Icefall snapped. Flameheart's body began to shake.

"I don't understand what you saying."

"Flame!" Willowfeather cried, struggling to stand, "They're telling the truth. You never knew?"

"Never knew what?!" Flameheart unsheathed her claws as the circle began to close.

"That the cave walls are true." Willowfeather meowed, "You know it too. I saw it a while ago, and i knew that StarClan set it up. Its not a joke, its really going to happen."

"NO!"

"That's right, " Icefall hissed, "Not only are your 22 going to become one, but some might become dead. The flow of wind-"

"The rushing liquid drunken by bloody talons-" Mustard said. Flameheart backed up into the wall, tail tucked between her hind legs. These were part of the prophecy StarClan was hiding!

"the flowers of hope crushed to a core-" Icefall meowed baring her fangs

"An incurable cat-" whispered Mustard, his beady eyes glued to Flame.

"A drowning fight-"

"And the end..." Mustard finished. Flameheart wanted to scream when they finished, cause the glowing pool lost its light, and Flameheart was covered in a blanket of darkness. Her eyes went wide as she scrambled around in a dark cave, with no light, no air, nothing. Even Willowfeather vanished, but her voice screeched in her ears.

"FLAME RUN!!"

"But you'll never know who they are," Mustard's voice sounded behind her, making her swing around in the darkness, heart pounding faster, "Cause you'll already be dead." Suddenly, the light flashed continuously in the pool, illuminating the cave on and off,

and Flameheart screamed as a black figure jumped her, landed on her shoulders. She felt Mustard's teeth dig into her shoulder as they both collapsed on the ground. Icefall's claws sliced her face as she stumbled back into the wall. Mustard's teeth latched onto her scruff, and Flameheart felt herself flying into the wall. She looked up in pain, blood rushing down her fur, as Mustard's shadow approached her slowly. She scrambled on the rocky floor, watching his body illuminate on and off, his red eyes glowing in the dark and the light.

"No, please...." She cried, her head hitting the rocky wall. Mustard's paw flung out in a flash, landing on her throat. She cried out, as her brother blocked out the air flow in her throat. Flameheart tried to cut Mustard, but the grip grew stronger. She tried to scream, but nothing came out.

"I want to watch you die Flame! Every last Second!" Mustard snarled as his paw crushed harder, "This is for the best anyway. Greet our family for me..." He hissed. Flameheart's breath was vanishing like mice in a field, and the feeling in her body was vanishing. Suddenly, a cat jumped onto Mustard's body, and in seconds,her brother went flying into the darkness. Flameheart let out a gasp of breath, collapsing to the ground.

"What?" She stared into the darkness as the sounds of fighting echoed in her ear. Immediately, she knew who saved her.

"Willowfeather!" She cried rushing into the battle of the three cats. She knocked Icefall off of her sister, almost losing her footing as the lights glared in her eyes.

"YOU!" Icefall hissed angrily. In a second of the light flares, she vanished. And at once, Flameheart knew she was behind her. She turned, watching as Icefall lunged. She dodged it quickly, her paw hitting Icefall's flank. The white she-cat then turned, slamming Flameheart back onto the ground. Quickly as a reaction, Flame flung her paws unsheathed to Icefall, knocking her backwards. A cater-wail blasted from her sister, as she landed, laying on the ground limply. Flameheart thumped forwards, watching Icefall grabbing her chest, now an open wound, and perhaps a fatal one.

"You think....." Icefall tried to sound out the words as she slid backwards, her own blood spilling rapidly from her belly, "You think you can save them.....you...have no idea.....whats coming Flame. Your closest friends.....will die." Icefall fell onto the ground, her eyes growing glossy.

"What you did to me years ago," Flameheart growled, "This is payback. For everyone you hurt." Icefall smiled her lips red.

"There.....is....another soul that will be lost.....and....you can't stop it.....and its happening. Your payback just got compromised.....Flameheart....." Icefall's belly froze in mid breath. Flameheart's eyes widened. Another soul-

"FLAMEHEART HELP ME!!" Willowfeather shrieked. Flameheart turned in horror, watching Mustard toss the living daylight out of her remaining sister. A blood stopping cry shot through Flameheart as she watched her sister slide to the wall, frozen solid.

"WILLOW!!" Mustard turned around, lunging quickly at Flameheart.

"You killed Icefall! And you will pay!" He hissed, throwing her onto the ground. Her fangs bit into his shoulder, while he scratched up her leg. At once, Flameheart crumbled like paper onto the ground from her leg, crying out as she took a blow from Mustard's claws into her chest. His paws slammed into her shoulder, pinning her again. She watched as Mustards claws extended again in a horrifying sound.

"THIS TIME, ITS ENDS HERE!" He yowled. Flameheart screamed as his claws began cutting her throat, but before she could give up to death, Mustard screamed as another figure attacked him. Flameheart turned towards the shadow, her eyes wide as the figure's mouth held Mustard's neck in her jaws.

"You mess with my friend," Pumpkintail growled," You mess with us all." A bone chilling crack sounded seconds later, and Mustard went silent and limp, his paws dangling like a rope. She dropped her brother's limp body, then rushed over to Flameheart's body.

"Flame! Flame! Oh StarClan im so sorry...." She cried. Flameheart

groaned as she sat up in pain, her paw on her bleeding throat. Icefang, Waterfang, and Nightwhisker tumbled in, rushing into the cave.

"Flame!" Icefang slid towards her, licking her mad, "I had like a bagillion heart attacks when you were taken!" Suddenly, Flameheart bolted up, padding over to Willowfeather. The group stood where they were silently as Flameheart bent over Willowfeahter's body.

"Willow? Its Flame....I'm sorry for everything, but i need you to wake up, please!" She shook her body, but nothing moved.

"Willow? Willow?! WILLOW!!" Flameheart shook her harder, hoping for a breath, but nothing. Pumpkintail's eyes began to water.

"Oh no...."

"STARCLAN WHAT DID YOU DO?!" She screamed, pressing her head into her sister's fur.

"Flame-"

"SHE'S ALIVE...SHE'S GOTTA BE! PLEASE WAKE UP!!" Flameheart yowled, squeezing Willowfeather's orange fur. Tears rushed down Flameheart's cheeks. Waterfang walked over, heart lowering with each step.

"Please......."

"Flame....she's gone.....im sorry," Waterfang placed his tail on her shoulders. Suddenly, Flameheart's claws began glowing, and at once, it slashed out, throwing Waterfang onto the ground.

"GET AWAY FROM HER!" She cried, tears streaming down her fur.

"Water!" Nightwhisker ran towards him, but he was already up. In horror and sadness, he rushed outside into the sunlight, where he collapsed onto the ground. She used her powers from the Gathering on him because of her sister. Because of him, Waterfang thought negativly, he brought them all to their deaths, and the memories that will shatter them apart. He tugged at the grass in anger, slamming his claws into the earth.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!" his scream echoed the forest, and at once, the birds flew away with the wind into the horizon. He watched as the Mists of Time began to open again. Waterfang's paws began shaking. He was scared.

"WHY!" His paws covered his face, and at once, he began crying, "Feather, what do i do, what do i do! Please....I don't want this to happen to you when i see you, or anyone else. But if it does.....i don't know if i could live with myself."

Author's Note: (PS: Feather, years ago, was Waterfang's original mate before he met Echolight. She was the daughter of his worst enemy, Lynx. Unfortunately in Waterfang and Lynx's second battle against each other and each other's clans, Lynx killed Feather for knowing the truth, and for disobeying him and his Clan. In anger, Waterfang killed Lynx's deputy, Rage. But he still mourns for her, even when Echolight isn't looking)

The Second Death

Swiftclaw couldn't sleep. Whatever she heard must've woken her. It was like a scream from the other side of the Mists. The other sounds was the sound of ripping earth, and Twolegs. Whatever was happening over with everyone must not be going well. Unlike Swiftclaw's group. So far, after the squirrels, they ran into Emeraldheart's memory, which was fairly easy. Swiftclaw couldn't remember what they did though because she was exhausted from the journey they have gone through so far. Firesong was snoozing nearby with Lapis, Peppercloud, and Emeraldheart, and Rainsplash was doing guard patrol. Swiftclaw stood up wearily, and padded over to Rainsplash.

"Hey," Swiftclaw nudged her as she sat silently, looking up at the cloudy sky.

"Hey...." Rainsplash trailed off silently, "I missed seeing the stars from my den. It feels like we just walked into the darkest part of the Dark Forest."

"Well the Dark Forest doesn't exists anymore, at least for now."

"I still think it does," she turned to her, "That's why were are battling other cats. They could be from there-"

"But where would they even go when they're dead? The Dark Forest was a gate way to our world, so they can't go there unless they return." Swiftclaw swept her tail into a curl.

"Only StarClan could decide that." Rainsplash purred, then sighed, "If their presence even existed here." Swiftclaw looked up at the cloudy sky, and could only imagine if the stars were on the other side looking down at them. But who even knew where they were exactly, or if they were alive, for now.

"I'm going back to bed now, seeya," Swiftclaw muttered, twitching her whiskers.

"Yeah, you need your rest Swift. Night," Rainsplash called. Suddenly, Emerald woke up, startling Swiftclaw.

"What time is it, what time is it, WHAT TIME IS IT?!" Emeraldheart shrieked, "I DONT WANNA SEE THE LIGHT!" Lapis, Firesong, and Peppercloud jumped awake accidentally unsheathing their claws and poking each other.

"For StarClan sake, what the heck Emerald!" Peppercloud rubbed her eyes. Suddenly, Emeraldheart passed out, snoring again. Lapis's eyes were red and cracked, and she was shaking and mumbling to herself as she sat down.

"Yikes Lapis," Swiftclaw blurted out when she saw her eyes, "um, you should get some sleep."

"What do you THINK I WAS DOING?!" Lapis snorted, before passing out again.

"Ugh, I'm not going to be able to sleep because of that...." Peppercloud moaned, her paws dripping down her white and black furry face. Swiftclaw laid down on the rough ground, feeling the uncomfortable temperature upon her fur. Her eyes were wide open, glancing down at the earth below her. After a while, dreariness came upon her, and she fell asleep...

"Swiftclaw WAKE UP!" Peppercloud yelled in her ear. Swiftclaw jumped up, her face struck with rain, wind, and flying leaves. Lightening split the sky, and trees bend dangerously on their sides.

"Holy cow!"

"RUN!" Firesong shrieked. The group sprinted across the windy area, their heart beating faster and faster. A large thunder clap boomed above her, shaking the earth and the air around them. A river ran quickly nearby them, the water brown and dirty with soil and plants.

"Where's the Mists?!" Lapis shrieked over the roaring wind. Swiftclaw spun around her in a 360. The Mists were gone!

"We lost the MISTS?! Emeraldheart cried out as a branch smacked

him in the head.

"Get shelter!" Rainsplash yowled, rushing towards a large ditch in the ground. Everyone else raced after her, their pelts soaked with water.

"Swiftclaw, Firesong, C'mon!" Lapis shrieked. Suddenly, a large sound erupted in front of them.

"MONSTER!" Emeraldheart cried out, jumping to safety into the cave. The car flipped in front of Firesong and Swiftclaw, and both of their hearts lurched. Rainsplash screamed.

"RUN!" Firesong began to run, but the car slammed in front of him, smacking him backwards. Swiftclaw felt the machine knock her backwards too, her body flopping into the ground and flowing with the wind. Swiftclaw floated for a few seconds before hitting her head onto the ground. She heard her friends screaming out to her, until they completely vanished in a fog of dust and rain.

"HELP!!" Swiftclaw yowled, her body skidding to a halt in a bunch of debris. Her claws extended out of her paws, latching onto a metal stick trapped in the ground. Leaves slapped her face painfully, and flew away like nothing.

"Firesong!!" She cried out. She could recall him flying away when the monster slammed into him, tossing him like fresh-kill. Suddenly, her claw snapped, and she felt her body lurch as she fell again, this time into water. The cold sensation froze her, and the amount of things in the water scratched her body. The world silenced into the sound of rushing water above her, until her head exploded out of the water for air. Swiftclaw gasped, her lungs screaming in her chest.

"HELP!" She yowled as she submerged. She felt her body slam into a bunch of rocks and sticks, and pain was the only thing she thought about when she felt them bruise her. She cried out in pain, submerging again into the river of death. She can't swim. Finally, when she felt that she needed to drown, she saw a broken tree above her. Reaching out, she pulled her soaked body out of the water, blood dripping down her fur. She wrapped herself around

the water for a second, then began crying for a second.

"FIRESONG! GUYS?! WHERE ARE YOU?!" She cried into the wind. The world only replied with a bang of thunder and a flash of lightening. Suddenly, in the light of the lightening, she spotted a figure rising up from the ground.

"Firesong?" She cried out, rushing down from the tree. It was Firesong! Swiftclaw sprinted to him, her heart exploding with relief.

"Swiftclaw?" he groaned, rubbing his head as he stood on his paws. The wind howled in his response, but Swiftclaw didn't care.

"Oh yes, its me. I'm so sorry, are you ok?"

"Swift....Swift.....SWIFT!!" Firesong shrieked, jumped backwards. Swiftclaw turned around watching in horror as a tree began to uproot itself.

"Firesong hold on!" Swiftclaw screamed, jumping on his body. She heard the tree collapsing, and closed her eyes as it slammed into both of them. Pain, worse than ever struck her head and her back, and the world screamed around her. Her vision began to fade, and as much as she tried to fight it, her body seemed to fade with her, until all she could see was darkness.

"GAH!" Firesong gasped as he sat up. His head burned with pain, and his ears were bleeding. His tail was also broken underneath him. He gasped as he stood up, putting weight onto his paws. He looked around, glancing nervously at his surroundings. Surely, the sky was blue, but around him were broken monsters, ripped trees, and flattened grass and leaves. Horror grew in his throat with each turn. It was all destruction around him. Swiftclaw! Firesong turned, rushing around his area for the she-cat.

"Swift?" Swiftclaw?! He cried out, his eyes wide. He could remember seeing her jumping over him, then the tree crushing them both, but spitting Firesong out. Firesong spun around, staring at the limp paw of Swiftclaw.

"Swiftclaw!" He yowled, pushing bark, leaves, and a heavy piece of wood off of her. Her eyes were closed, and she laid limp and lifeless. Firesong pulled her out, shaking her.

"Swiftclaw! Its me, you saved me!" He meowed. But no response came back. He shook her again.

"Swiftclaw, you alive right?! Swiftclaw can you hear me?! SWIFT!!" Firesong slammed his fist on her chest, hoping for a breath. But nothing. Firesong felt pain burning in his head, stepping back in horror.

"No....NO! This can't be please....Don't let her go yet...SWIFT!!" Firesong nudged her again. She's dead, Firesong thought falling on the ground, I ruined everything. Firesong grabbed her scruff, and lifted her lifeless body up. He turned walking towards the group of cats that were cluttered nearby.

"Firesong, your alive!" Peppercloud cried happily.

"YAY!" Emeraldheart jumped up like a kit. Firesong lowered his eyes, placing Swiftclaw's body on the ground.

"Is she unconscious?" Rainsplash wondered. Firesong let out a cry, the tears wetting his fur.

"I'm so sorry guys."

"For what?" Emeraldheart wondered, "You brought her back!" Firesong bit back his tears.

"I was supposed to protect her. I was supposed to bring her back alive....." Firesong cried. Peppercloud's eyes widened.

"Swiftclaw.....can't be..." Peppercloud began. Firesong nodded solemnly,

"I'm sorry Pepper." Rainsplash cried out, stumbling back in horror.

"You didn't save her!" Peppercloud hissed, "She was my FRIEND!"

"I'm sorry Pepper-"

"Sorry isn't enough Firesong." Peppercloud growled, her eyes turning red, and like that, ran away. Rainsplash sat down, still stunned by the news. Lapis was silent, her heart shaking with every beat that one of the clan cats was dead. Firesong walked away, silently.

"Wait-"

"Leave me alone Lapis," Firesong meowed, "I should've saved her. I'm already messing things up." Firesong strolled away into the Mists in sadness.

An Old Enemy

Nightkit opened her eyes grimly, the sunlight flashing a warm sign onto her fur. She sat up, her eyes squinting as her vision began to fix up. The scent of morning dew and fresh-kill floating in her nostrils, making her mouth water in hunger. She found herself surrounded by her mother, Mistyfeather, who was curled up in a ball, her tail closing around her kit. Nightkit tried to step over her, but she shifted, and at once, the WindClan kit realized that her mother was awake.

"Where are you going honey?" she meowed, flopping her body where her front paw bend into her stomach, and her eyes locked onto Nightkit. Nightkit tucked her tail underneath her.

"I want to see the Clan more. I want to be like those warriors who went to the Mists!" Mistyfeather shook her head in a smile.

"Already your growing up," She mewed, "Those warriors were chosen Nightkit. They were chosen by StarClan to do a job to protect us. We'd be in trouble if they weren't!"

"But i want to be like them!" Nightkit puffed, "I'm strong and brave!" Mistyfeather moaned as she slumped back over on her side.

"It hurts enough that I'm kitting late again, after kitting you first." Mistyfeather gasped, breathing hard, "But your the first kit of the tenth moon! Which is probably why your popular!" Nightkit walked over to her mother's side in nervousness.

"I'm going to get some fresh-kill Mistyfeather, and you'll feel better."

"Nightkit, its really not necessary-"

"Don't worry, i won't get lost this time!" She called as she padded outside into the sunlight. The warrior cats were busy moving around, doing their jobs. Nightkit squeezed through some warrior legs, heading towards the fresh-kill pile. The air buzzed with meows

and calls from the deputy and leader, Breezestar. The win wooshed into her fur until she reached her destination. Quickly, she grabbed a vole, then spun around, running straight into a pair of paws.

"OW!"

"Wait, hold up Night!" Splashpaw meowed amusingly to the little kit. Nightkit sat up in pain in his head as she stared at the senior tom apprentice.

"Splashpaw, why'd you do that?"

"Because," Splashpaw began, his whiskers twitching, "Just because your a kit, doesn't mean you could take all the fresh-kill whenever you want!" Nightkit lowered her head,

"Its for Mistyfeather though! She's a little sick and in pain, and i want to treat her!" Nightkit complained. Splashpaw sighed.

"Well, queens do need their strength, but its best for the medicine cat to take care of her." Splashpaw meowed. Nightkit shrugged,

"I guess." She walked passed Splashpaw, about to drop the vole, when Splashpaw yelped back.

"Keep it!" Nightkit's eyes widened.

"Really?" Splashpaw nodded, then vanished into the crowd of cats. With a smile, Nightkit began racing through the crowd towards the nursery.

"MOM!" She meowed excited, dropping the fresh-kill onto the dusty ground. For some reason, the den was darker than before, and it was empty.

"Mom?" She meowed in the empty space. She heard pawsteps behind her, and spun around, watching as the den enterance shut closed. Nightkit's eyes went wide.

"MOM?!" She paced around the empty air in horror.

"Your mother little one isn't here," A voice muttered. Nightkit

backed up from the voice in horror, bumping into another pair of cat legs.

"But i am," The tom meowed calmly. Nightkit stood up straight, trying to be as brave as she could.

"You're a brave one i see," He hissed in an evil smile.

"Who are you?" She cried as the tom advanced towards her, "I wanna go home!"

"And you will!" The tom smiled, "Eventually..."

"What do you want from me?!" She pleaded, running into a wall, her eyes wide and nervous. The cat kept coming, until he was about a whisker away.

"You won't remember most of this little one," He meowed, "But my name is Lynx. And i'm making sure that every single bit of the Mists of Time stays alive. Every bit. Waterfang may destroy my other body, but at least i have another one hiding where he'll never know, and nor will anyone else."

"What does that mean for me?" Nightkit cried, flattening herself on the wall. Lynx smiled a deadly smile.

"I need a new body to live in for now. And you are my mission." Suddenly, Lynx began dissolving into a misty figure of smoke. In horror, Nightkit began running, her heart racing.

"Mistyfeather HELP!" She screamed, feeling the smoke touching her tail. She felt her body jerk backwards as the smoke pulled her into the darkness again. Her body slammed painfully into the earth, while the smoke surrounded her. She felt the poisonous air quickly float into her mouth. She began screaming, as her life got ripped from her body. Suddenly, what felt like forever, finally stopped, and she collapsed in pain, unconscious and lifeless. Her eyes went black as the night, then back to regular. She heard noises above her, one she recognized was her mother.

"NIGHTKIT, ANSWER ME PLEASE!" She yowled shaking her pelt.

"Oh StarClan her eyes are black!" Another cat shrieked. She tried to move, but she had nothing inside her, but air.

"She's breathing!" Speckledfur, the medicine cat cried, placing her paws on her chest. Nightkit finally felt the strength returning to her, and she began slowly to rise up.

"StarClan thank you!" Mistyfeather gasped, clutching Nightkit tightly. Nightkit's vision opened up now, and she was surrounded by a bunch of cat.

"What happened mom?" Nightkit meowed. She couldn't remember what happened after she got the fresh-kill.

"I don't know..." Speckledfur meowed in reply instead of Mistyfeather, "Something strange happened to her."

"You've been dead for a few days!" Mistyfeather cried, tears beginning to erupt from her eyes. Nightkit widened her eyes.

"I was?"

"She should get some rest," Breezestar meowed nearby, "She's been through a lot that we don't know about." Carefully, Mistyfeather bit down onto her kit's scruff and carried Nightkit's limp body out of the medicine cat den and outside. The trees were barren now, and the air was chilly.

"Its leaf-bare already?" She meowed slowly. Mistyfeather nodded.

"You missed a lot." Before Nightkit could pass out again, another voice meowed coldly in her ear.

"Now I'm a part of you forever....."

Author's Note: (PS: Lynx officially died to the hands of Waterstar and his brother Oxtail. Somehow, Waterfang cheated death when StarClan granted him back life, but not only did it took his memory from the battle point on, but it reduced himself to Waterfang instead of Waterstar, and Oxtail took rule over him. Waterfang returned to RiverClan, never knowing how he died, and who killed him, only that Lynx was a threat. Now in the Mists, Lynx, being

smart and all, decided to take half of his body into a kit for survival, and to feed off of the kit until he's back into his body, while Waterfang killed the other half, which puts the Clans into a bigger danger, because they don't know where the danger is...)

Awakening

Hollywhisker's green eyes opened slowly as the rumbling of the earth halted for the second time. Pain burned in her paw, worse than she's ever felt. Gradually, she lifted her head up from her paws, feeling dust falling off her black pelt, dropping to the floor. Trees were uprooted all around her, rocks and cliffs exposing themselves for the first time. Her bones felt like rubber after the earthquake, and the feeling of the quake was still deep inside of her. Hollywhisker remembered waking up to the shaking, seeing a giant boulder knock everyone in a different direction, and she remembered tumbling down a hill that wasn't there before, slamming her body into the ground, a crack sounding in her paw. Its broken, she guessed sitting up, her tail flat on the ground. Her whiskers felt bent, and were shaking as she stood. Hollywhisker cried out as the pain dug into her broken paw, and she limped, turning around to look at her surroundings. The Mists! It was here! She began limping towards it, then halted in worry of her friends. Suddenly, a roaring noise sounded behind her, and the Mists began to advance. Hollywhisker's eyes widened, and at once began limping quickly, trying desperately to run up the hill. Yet it was slippery enough not to get her up, not even her claws. In horror, she felt the water droplets stain her fur as it overcame her, and the surrounding she was once in was just a bunch of clouds.

"NO!" Hollywhisker shrieked, but it was too late. She slid down into the empty area, silent, alone, wet and all. She was already in the Mists, and her friends were there. She laid there silently, hoping for a noise that would encourage her that her friends were still with her. But they weren't. In wonder, she walked forwards into another wall of clouds, which was glowing brightly. Slowly, Hollywhisker walked into the glowing cloud, feeling the warming sensation rush though her body to the tip of her black tail, until she appeared on the other side. The air was cool and fresh, the ground quickly becoming rougher at her pads. Gradually, she began to descend the sudden slope before her, which came to a halt between some grey cliffs. A cave and a waterfall laid before her, and confusion began to

settle in her head. The air was dead quiet, not an animal or cat in sight or sound, but the cave could hold something inside that may be important, since it was the only thing she could reach. Hollywhisker began padding into the dark cave, watching as the darkness consumed her completely. The walls dripped with water, splashing loudly on the ground, an echo piercing the darkness as Hollywhisker walked on. There wasn't any scent of a cat anywhere, only the smell of water, but there were other tunnels. Suddenly, she began hearing whispers, growing louder in her ears. Hollywhisker began following the noise, the voices irritating her brain as she kept walking, her pads painfully rubbing against the wet earth. Soon enough, the SkyClan warrior found herself on the edge of a small pool, not to big in depth, but large enough to be in a perfect circle, where the voices ended. The sunlight flew into the room, making the pool glow as if magic.

"Woah," Hollywhisker wondered in amazement as she laid on her stomach. The pool was dead flat, not a single movement from above or below. Confused, Hollywhisker bent down, her flank close enough to the ground, shuddering at the cold feeling she was getting just dangling above it. With one fluid motion, she dipped her flank into the pool, then quickly back out. A shockwave of cold zipped through her body, making her trip on her hurt paw, falling backwards. The water rippled from her touch, spreading wildly in a full circle. Hollywhisker began to stand up on her pads, watching the water bend slowly from the ripples, now growing more and more.

"Hello Hollywhisker," A voice meowed behind her. Hollywhisker jolted back in horror, baring her fangs as a reaction, only to put them back under her mouth.

"Shockstar," Hollywhisker's eyes widened in horror and wonder. He was once the leader of SkyClan, before a bunch of dogs ripped him to his death, one that not even Swiftpaw of ThunderClan could compare to. Grief swallowed up in her chest. They were always arguing, battling on decisions, and her worse one was allowing him to walk to the Twoleg place to die.

"I...I'm so sorry. I'm sorry for your death, i shouldn't have sent you to your death." Hollywhisker blurted out, her heart shaking within

each word she spoke.

"Hollywhisker, its not your fault," He purred, lifting up her drooping head, "I came to talk with you on my own terms, because i escaped StarClan. They prevented themselves to show themselves as guidance in any of this adventure." Hollywhisker looked up to him.

"Its like seeing a ghost you don't want to see," She meowed sniffling. Shockstar dipped her head.

"I know its hard that i died. But you need to let it go. I'm here to protect you. Prepare you for your death." Hollywhisker's ears jumped up.

"My WHAT?!"

"Your going to die Holly," He meowed solemly, "I overheard Flameheart's siblings taking about the fact that there were omens of who would die. They also said the two flowers of love, crushed by water and fire-"

"It could be someone else with a different name, right?"

"Holly, Hollytuft got shot. She's.....dead." Hollywhisker backed up, her eyes widening in sadness.

"No, she can't be-" She collasped on the ground, crying. She and Holly shared the same name, resulting in a flower. Now she's going to die too. Shockstar sat there, scratching the ground worried.

"I'm sorry Hollywhisker. Its going to happen. But i want you to do the right thing when your time comes." Hollywhisker sat up on all fours, sniffling again, her eyes red.

"Why do i have to die,"

"Holly-"

"WHY COULDN'T SOMEONE ELSE DIE? DID YOU WANT ME TO JOIN STARCLAN THAT QUICKLY?!" Hollywhisker cried. Shockstar swallowed.

"I'm SORRY about what happened, and i can't predict the future, i'm sorry, and i never got to appoint you deputy either-"

"I stopped believing in your crap along time ago," Hollywhisker snarled. Angrily, she bumped the tom to the side, slowly padding out of the cave.

"Hollywhisker." Shockstar called from behind her. She froze, not even turning back. Shockstar sighed, his heart heavy.

"It depends on how you end it, to how you restart it. Your destiny is one large line Holly. You can't end it even in death. Nor can you give up on it early. Remember that. It doesn't matter if you drown painfully or not, its going to happen. Its how you end it that matters. And when you restart, you'll change Warrior History for good. Please believe in me once more Hollywhisker," He moaned, "I don't wanna lose you twice." Hollywhisker turned around, her face scarred with tears in the darkness of her fur.

"Goodbye," She meowed, walking away into the light outside the tunnel. The sunlight she felt before finally returned, splashing a wave of heat on her fur. Out of the corner of her eyes, Hollywhisker saw a bunch of cats tumbling down the waterfall cliff.

"Hollywhisker!" Waterfur cried out in relief. The group crowded her slowly, but no reponse was coming from her.

"What happened?" MeadowWing meowed, cocking her head.

"I'm going to die. I'm already a goner."

"Guys," Bramblefire began to shutter, "I think we may have a problem!" The group turned around, hearing the air rumble in the distance. The sky went dark in the distance, and a cold wind whipped into everyone's faces.

"What is that?" Waterfur wondered. Hollywhisker's eyes went wide.

"A flower will drown," She repeated, "Its not monsters, its a flood! ITS A FLASH FLOOD! RUN!" As they began to run, a giant wall of water went hurling over the cliff above, towards the terrified group.

Wolves

Skyheart flexed her claws continuously, out and in. Its been a while since she even got the chance to use them, since the group passed out later after surviving Hollytuft's memory. Supposingly, it was only Mint or Silverwind's memory next. Somewhat, Bayberry didn't really have one. Mintshadepelt was spreading out her medicine cat leaves in order.

"There. PERFECTION AND ORGANIZATION IS ESSENTIAL PEOPLE!" She called out. Silverwind was sleeping nearby. Bayberry was eating a rabbit that he caught. Skyheart's eyes settled on Silverwind's moveless body. The fact that some cats would die on this journey haunted her, but what haunted her more was that they'll be her closest friends. Hollytuft was one of them. The thought of her jerking from a gunshot shook her painfully, blood staining the ground. And nobody had the memory except for Silverwind. She was crying before, unable to bring back her body, but coming back with a gunshot wound that almost killed her too. But, if possible, if the Mists do grant life back after they succeed. Even if they do though. Skyheart lowered her chest down, resting her head on her paw in boredom. Mintshadepelt popped a few poppy seeds from her leaf bag then walked over to Skyheart.

"Have one," She meowed, "It'll keep your strength up besides fresh-kill." Skyheart looked up at her, then back at Silverwind, who he guessed was awake because she was whimpering to herself.

"Can i get two? I'm going over to Silverwind." Mintshadepelt placed two in her paws silently, while Skyheart stood up slowly, padding over to her friend. She was laying on her side, her claw drawing a bunch of lines on the earth.

"Silver," Skyheart meowed. Her eyes looked up, and her paw froze in the dust. Skyheart could notice that her eyes were red from crying, and tears were still stained on her fur. Skyheart popped one of the poppy seeds, swallowing hard at the weird taste in his mouth, then offered the other to Silverwind.

"I'll be fine. I don't want any. Just leave me alone for a few minutes." Skyheart looked at her for a few seconds, then turned from her, walking towards Mintshadepelt.

"She didn't want any Mint. I actually feel bad for her."

"Then talk to her," Mintshadepelt insisted, taking the poppy seeds by her jaws and placing it back into her leaf bag, "She's needs reassurance. We as medicine cats have to make cats feel better physically, but also mentally." Skyheart smiled, but her tail lowered in defeat.

"I don't even know how she's going to cope with Holly's death. She saw the entire thing, even getting her blood on her pelt. That's something that would haunt me for life." Mintshadepelt sighed, her paw frozen on the earth.

"I can't imagine either. But she's got to let her go now, she's with StarClan now-"

"StarClan actually doesn't exist here," Skyheart reminded her, "We're in the Mists of Time, nobody knows where we are." Suddenly, the Mists began howling, and wind began rushing past them. The group began to awaken as the mists kept rushing past them until the night sky was visible. The ground became cold and frozen, and snow appeared out of nowhere. The trees stood bare into the sky, leaves and all ripped away. Silverwind flopped over to her chest, the cold icy ground chilling her stomach. Bayberry jumped up, alert.

"Woah! Snow!"

"What memory is this?" Mintshadepelt wondered. Skyheart and Silverwind exchanged glances of horror.

"We both had this one," Silverwind meowed, "Its wolves." Bayberry jumped again.

"WHAT?! We are facing wolves? Do you guys realize how many cats are in this group?!"

"We're going to face those animals despite our size Bayberry," Mintshadepelt meowed. Skyheart swallowed. She could remember

Silverwind getting ripped to shreds before they got to the Mists in a vision. Now they were facing their greatest fears.

"Alrighty then," Mintshadepelt sighed, "Lets go."

Skyheart felt the snow crunch underneath her paws like leaves. Her teeth chattered as the wind blew into her face. The sky was white, flakes of snow bearing down upon the cats.

"This is just great guys!" Mintshadepelt complained, "My supplies are freezing, and some are already buried in the snow! We should find some shelter!"

"There's nowhere to go Mint!" Bayberry cried out from behind her, "We're in a snowstorm!"

"Then we should get out of it! I don't want you guys to go looking for your adventure and freezing before you reach it! I would suggest finding shelter as soon as possible guys!" Mintshadepelt yowled. Skyheart looked back at her, watching her friends paws drag lifelessly on the floor. Maybe she should listen to her advice.

"Over there!" Skyheart cried out, feeling the cold snow penetrate her paws to the bone, "There's a cave we can go in!" Struggling to keep her body temperature alive, she and the group walked cold and frozen towards the cave in the snowbank. As soon as she entered, their breaths blew up into the air like miniature clouds, vanishing to nothing. Mintshadepelt shook her body, spraying mud and snow in all directions. Her medicine cat bag was frozen. She shot a look at Skyheart in annoyance.

"What?" Skyheart tried not to laugh she sat down, licking her frozen paws to where the warmth began to spread clearly. Bayberry was shaking from the cold, while Silverwind shook her fur like Mint.

"This place can't hold us for long guys," She pointed out, "We don't even know how high the snow will get."

"I'm sure it wont collapse on us Silver," Bayberry meowed. Silverwind shrugged.

"I guess."

"Why didn't the wolves attack us yet?" Skyheart wondered, now lying on her stomach, "I mean, we have a strong scent. Wouldn't they find us earlier than before?"

"Well we don't know that," Mintshadepelt replied, breathing on her frosted leaves, "The snow can hide our scent for a long time. Maybe they'll find us by accident."

"I don't really want to be there when they do," Silverwind shuffled her paws nervously. The memory of her death vision before haunted both RiverClan cats the most. Neither of the other cats knew how powerful wolves could be when its one v six. Suddenly, a loud howl sounded in the distance. Skyheart grew tense.

"What was that?" Silverwind meowed. Another howl followed, with the smell of sweaty fur swooshing into their nostrils. Mintshadepelt wrinked her nose in disgust.

"Smells like a wolf just got baked in the sun and rolled in a ton of dung, disgusting!" She remarked. Skyheart's eyes widened.

"They're here!" She cried out, backing up to the end of the snowbank. Bayberry's eyes widened.

"WHAT?!"

"We gotta go!" Skyheart cried, mushing Mintshadepelt's supplies into one.

"Are you kidding me Skyheart, i was fixing it!" She snapped. Suddenly, a loud stomp silenced the cats. It came from above them, showering them in snow. The noise of loud barks and hisses from above made Skyheart's heart lurch as it seemed they sat there in horror and silence for moons. The snow kept splashing before them, scaring Silverwind silly. Suddenly, Mint's eyes widened.

"My bag!" She hissed silently, "They'll see it and smell it!" The bag was out in the open, not under the shadow of the snowbank. Surely enough, the shadows of the dogs leaned over the edge. Slowly, Bayberry began to pad forwards, as if in a crouch position. Her paw

began to reach out, claws barely tipping the leaf. And with one breath, she snatched it back towards her chest. The world turned into slow motion, as the shadow's ears lifted up. Bayberry bit her lips nervously, her tail tucked under her belly. Seconds later, the shadows vanished. Silverwind let out a breath of relief. Mintshadepelt smiled.

"Told you so-" She was cut off as a sudden face, a white dog face appeared, knocking Bayberry backwards. Then in seconds, they were being chased out of the safety of the snowbank into the open snow cold world.

"RUN!" Skyheart cried, her paws sliding upon the snow. The group slid sideways, down a mountainous slope, where it seemed to go on forever, until it hit the forest. The sound of the wolves screamed behind them. Silverwind's heart raced faster than her running, as the wolves turned where the group turned seconds ago. Soon enough, the roars and barking behind them turned into yelps of surprise, until it died out completely. Mintshadepelt froze quickly, and soon enough, everyone followed.

"Why did they stop?" Bayberry frowned, panting wildly. Silverwind shivered, her fur shaking from the cold. Skyheart pressed her fur upon her, feeling her chilly skin strike hers. Mintshadepelt lifted up an ear, trying to catch a sound. Surely enough, there was one, but it was getting louder in seconds. The group began to back up nervously as the trees before them began turning white, and shaking wildly.

"Its an avalanche!" Skyheart shrieked, turning around again. The sound behind them grew louder by the second, and soon enough, Skyheart doubted that they could get to higher ground fast enough. Bayberry froze, beginning to scramble up a tree.

"Hurry!" She insisted. Skyheart rushed up next, feeling the rough bark cut her fur. She could see the wave of snow busting into trees and rocks like a monster.

"Silverwind, Mintshadepelt, RUN!" Skyheart screeched. But before they could climb, the snow beared down upon them, and in horror, Skyheart and Bayberry could only watch as the two warriors got

struck by the avalanche, their bodies vanishing within seconds among the snow. Skyheart's eyes went wide, her jaws gaped in disbelief as the wave roared past the trees, tumbling and rolling for what seemed like the longest minutes ever, until finally, the snow froze up. Skyheart rushed down, landing on the soft snow.

"SILVER!" she yowled out into the snowy world. The forest responded with the freezing wind, chilling the warriors to the bone.

"MINT?! SILVER?!" She cried, her tail lowering in failure. Bayberry shook, listening to the dead silence. No wolves. No cats either.

"Skyheart," Bayberry sighed, trying not to scare him, "I think their gone."

The Last Plant

Birdwing heart was racing faster as the water edged nearer towards the group.

"Why do we have two natural disasters RIGHT AFTER EACH OTHER?!" He cried out in shock.

"Just shut up and run!" MeadowWing cried. Suddenly, Birdwing tripped on a rock sticking out, and he fell, his body hitting the ground. Hollywhisker and Bramblefire turned around in horror. Waterfur rushed back towards Birdwing. But before his friend could get to him, Birdwing felt extreme pain as the wall of water smashed into him like a fireball. His vision went black for a second, and the air got knocked out from his lungs. It seemed like seconds, until he could actually resurface, chocking and coughing in the dirty earth. Trees were scattered all around him, sticks and stones cutting his body painfully. Suddenly, he felt teeth bite down upon his scuff, and before he knew it, he was being dragged by another cat. Or in this case, more than one.

"Waterfur! Holly!" Birdwing let out an exhale of relief. They swam hard, water drowning their fur, until finally, they managed to get to the side of the mountain, where a cave laid waiting. Waterfur and Hollywhisker gasped as they stopped swimming, sliding their bodies inside. Birdwing just laid there still in shock.

"How the heck did we get up here?" Birdwing wondered. Waterfur just shook his head.

"Just shut up for a second please, I wanna have at least a moment of silence." Waterfur mummered agitated to the core. Birdwing's heart lurched suddenly.

"Wait, where's MeadowWing and Bramblefire?!" He cried out. As if magic, they appeared behind a corner of the cave. But their eyes weren't in relief, more like horror.

"There's something that you all should see." Bramblefire meowed, his tail quivering in the air. Birdwing stood up swallowing nervously.

"Is it good or bad?"

Hollywhisker was dreading of the fact that she was going to die. Either here or elsewhere. Somewhere with water. And swimming painfully to a cave was about have of the problems they're going to run into soon. And worse, her fear was rising steadily after each turn the group made into another dark hallway. Soon enough, the tight hallway opened up into a clearing, not very big, but big enough to fit everyone together. The walls were scarred with paint, drawings of cats writing like words of hope. Bramblefire moved forwards, speaking.

"Flameheart and Waterfur saw these images in the sinkhole a few days ago," He pointed out, running his paws across the wall, "But there are more than they were before."

"Yeah," Waterfur shook, his eyes scanning the drawings, "I've noticed." The pictures showed a bunch of 23 cats, racing into a giant wall of grey, which they presumed was the Mists.

"Hey, look its ME!" MeadowWing squealed. Hollywhisker narrowed her eyes,

"Who could've drawn these and at the same time know the future?"

"Unless they're watching us right now," MeadowWing pointed out, "It could be StarClan." The next images were disasters, an earthquake, a flood, a storm, a snowstorm, and a giant cloud of fire racing across the earth.

"That disaster doesn't seem right. I've never seen that before," Hollywhisker meowed. But after those pictures, came one that truly haunted everyone. Dead cats. There were those who were laying down bloody, some not, but they were dead, surrounded by what killed them. Hollywhisker already knew about Hollytuft, and saw

her neck jerking from the gunshot, while Silverwind watched in horror. There was another one, with white fur, Swiftclaw, who was flattened underneath a fallen tree, splinters of wood shattered all around. Hollywhisker swallowed when she saw her picture on the wall.

"Oh StarClan, is that Birdwing? And Hollywhisker-" Birdwing began, but was interrupted by the SkyClan cat.

"NO," Hollywhisker coughed, "I don't look like that. See? That one has a broken leg on the right side!"

"But so do you!" Bramblefire shook. Hollywhisker tried to not shake.

"I'm hurt on my left leg," she lied. Bramblefire lifted an eyebrow in confusion. The next cat was-

"MINT! Not Mint!" Waterfur cried out. MeadowWing drooped her head in sorrow. Silverwind's body was also shown next to hers, buried under tons of snow. The next picture was Waterfang, which shocked Hollywhisker the most. He was the only cat who actually was bleeding in the picture, a hawk standing over him, along with another cat, black fur and feathers bloody and wet. Then came another picture, of everyone standing there, watching a flaming ball of fire striking the ground, then the cloud of fire rip through them. Pumpkintail was leaning over, blood rushing from her chest and her eyes red with sorrow and death, while Flameheart battled the other black cat, which seemed as though she was winning, and was going to be the only one surviving. And that was the last picture.

"Oh my gosh..." MeadowWing shook, "We're going to die?! But I thought....But...."

"StarClan sent us here to DIE?!" Birdwing collapsed on his chest. Bramblefire was backing up slowly, his eyes widening as he double checked, then triple checked the photo. Suddenly, a loud noise began to sound from the entrance. All their stomach lurched when the sound of thundering water echoed in the cave. A blast of wind struck their bodies, throwing them sideways.

"RUN!" Hollywhisker cried out, shoving Bramblefire forwards, "The

cave is flooding, go!" Quickly, they all began sprinting, and soon enough smashed into a dead end. Birdwing cursed

"We're trapped!" MeadowWing yelped. Hollywhisker's eyes darted from side to side. Without thinking, she threw Birdwing on her back. Waterfur was confused.

"What are you guys doing?"

"Climbing," Hollywhisker snapped, "Now guys get on top of me!" Waterfur jumped up, landing on Hollywhisker's back, then Birdwing's, then jumped up, making the cliffside, almost missing and stumbling. He hauled himself up, looking up to the other side.

"Guys, there's a way out! And the water's moving fast!" He screamed down below. Sure enough, there was a pathway that led directly to the Mists. Below was darkness, or more like an abyss to the ground, where sharp rocks laid. MeadowWing followed Waterfur's example, rushing up to the surface. Bramblefire was next, and by the time he got up, the water was already in view.

"HURRU HURRY HURRY!!" Hollywhisker screeched. Birdwing jumped, Bramblefire catching him with his jaws to his paw. Birdwing yelped as he was pulled up, blood dripping from his paw.

"HOLLY! JUMP!" MeadowWing screamed. The water was larger and closer than before, rushing at fox speed. With a cry, she jumped up, getting caught by MeadowWing and Birdwing. The water was about to hit the place where she was originally, and the ground was shaking.

"Its not going to hold guys!" Bramblefire yowled, halfway up the pathway, "Nor will it hold the water!" They all began running, Hollywhisker behind them all. Then at the last second, the water struck the front side of the wall of rocks.

"Birdwing!" MeadowWing screeched. Hollywhisker was barely there when she saw MeadowWing get thrown up into the air. Her heart skipped a beat as some of the pathway in front of her was thrown to the abyss. The ground slid sideways on her side, throwing her body to her chest, and soon enough she noticed that she was sliding

downwards.

"MEADOWWING! HOLLY!!" Waterfur yowled, rushing back down the pathway. Hollywhisker grabbed the edge of the cliffside with her claws, her arm screaming in pain. She watched in horror as MeadowWing began to descend. Birdwing rushed up, grabbing her by the scruff. The ground beneath them both slanted downwards.

"CRAP!" Bramblefire cried, sprinting back to them. Birdwing was shaking as he stared out frozen into darkness, the ground beneath them both moving again, while Hollywhisker struggled on the other side to get back onto the ground. The cliff side shook again, moving forwards where the edge was completely over the hole. Then, the world went into slow motion. The ground jolted again underneath Birdwing and MeadowWing, and they both went flying forwards. Bramblefire and Waterfur jumped out, their paws grabbing onto MeadowWing's hindlegs. But when MeadowWing tried to grab Birdwing, her paws slipped from his, from the arm, to the tip of their claws. The world went silent, MeadowWing's eyes on fire from horror and regret as Birdwing, one of her best friends, went tumbling into darkness, his scream echoing loudly, then cut off in seconds with a sickening thump.

"NOO!!" MeadowWing was on the verge of crying as Waterfur and Bramblefire pulled her up.

"We gotta go guys, now!"

"BIRDWING!!" Hollywhisker shrieked. The cliff side moved again, making her dangle life a leaf.

"Holly!" Waterfur cried out, stopping short at the edge of the newly made waterfall. MeadowWing collapsed, her eyes tearing up as she stared bewildered into the darkness.

"It should've been me..." MeadowWing sobbed, her ears flattening. The ground shook around all of them, making Hollywhisker lose her grip on one paw.

"Hollywhisker, hold on!" Waterfur cried out. The cliff side moved again, making Hollywhisker yowl in pain.

"I'm so sorry guys!" She cried out, tears rushing down her face.

"Holly, don't do this!" Waterfur encouraged, "You're not dying yet, hold on-"

"I was on that painting!" She admitted sobbing uncontrollably, then closed her eyes as a sickening groaning sound ripped from the slanted cliff, "I love you guys so much!"

"HOLLY NO!" Waterfur yowled. Seconds later, the cliff side shook again, and it exploded into millions of pieces as the remaining water flew into the air. Waterfur flew backwards as water threw him backwards, drenching him in mud and dust, and water. Hollywhisker's body vanished in seconds, and the sound of crashing rocks and water erupted into the air. Then there was silence. Dead silence.

Visions & Secrets

Peppercloud bit down into the fresh taste of mouse. But when she pulled out the pink red meat, then chewed with her jaws moving up and down, that slipped down her mouth, she let out a sigh. A sigh of defeat. It's been what seemed like days since Swiftclaw died. Her death scarred her head. And she put the blame on Firesong because of her anger. But then it came back to her, it was his fault! He let her die that way! He deserves to get blamed for, but.... She hesitated on her thought while tugging out more meat, it wasn't the right thing. More like the worst action to do. Maybe Firesong's innocent. Peppercloud leaned down again, munching on more of the fresh-kill. Emeraldheart was dozing off on the ground of the Mists of Time, along with Rainsplash, but Firesong was pacing back and forth, his eyes squeezed tightly, trying not to shed a tear. He was trying to regret the day that claimed Swiftclaw's life. Lapis was staring at him confused, until finally, she stood up, freezing him in place.
"Stop Firesong," She persuaded, "You need your rest." Firesong looked at her, his belly rumbling loudly and eyes red with drowsiness.
"I can't stop thinking of her death, it's like scarred in my mind," He pulled away from Lapis, "It should've been me..."
"Firesong-" Peppercloud stood up, trying to comfort him, but he just stared angrily at her, his face painted with death and grief, but horror and madness.
"I'm sorry! I take what i said back!" Peppercloud meowed desperately, a hole growing deeper in her heart. But Firesong never looked back.
"You already meowed it out, now leave me alone." He growled, walking away from the group into a corner of the fog. Suddenly, a sound awoke the cats, making them jump.
"Not the storm again!" Emeraldheart shrieked. But Lapis squinted her eyes.
"I don't think that's a storm. Matter fact, I don't even know what that is." All they saw was darkness. Nothing but darkness. Nervously, Lapis gave a nervous look to Peppercloud, before they

all began creeping in. The air felt moist and cold. The air was smelly and chilly. Soon enough, the Mists seemingly was sucked into a little hole, then vanished completely. The world fell silent. Then Rainsplash sneezed.
"Sorry, I got allergies," She admitted. Lapis rolled her eyes.
"Seriously?" Suddenly, the ground vanished from under their pads. Peppercloud felt the air suddenly fly into her face, faster, and faster, until she finally felt her stomach beginning to lurch. Her eyes went wide as her friends screamed, then vanished instantly. Seconds later, the ground smacked into her body, and pain, like electricity rushing through her ribs, exploded in her body. She let out a shriek of pain, gripping her chest with her paw. She stayed there in pain, breathless too as she stared into the darkness. Afraid that the same thing would happen like before, she stood up, and limped slowly, her paws sliding on the ground. Peppercloud clenched her teeth shut, making sure that she didn't yelp anymore. Fear was crawling up her throat, making her shiver.
"Hello?" She meowed out. Only her echo reflected back. She kept pacing forwards, noticing that her pelt was the only glowing thing. Suddenly, she noticed a puddle of water laying strangely still. Confused, Peppercloud limped towards the dark puddle ahead of her. As soon as she reached it, she lowered down, her eyes glowing as the puddle stared back at her, more like her own reflection. Carefully, she lowered her whiskers down, taking a drink of the puddle. She felt a burn of fire and poison strike her throat, and realizing that she made a bad mistake, tried to cough it out. Peppercloud staggered for a second, trying to cough it out. Her muscles suddenly felt like they just died and dissolved. Screaming, she collapsed, shaking as her body went into a shock of some sort, until she couldn't move. She was frozen. She closed her eyes for a second, then opened. She could feel herself again. Her eyes darted all around.
"HELP! SOMEONE!" Peppercloud was still nervous. Cautiously, she stood up, feeling lightheaded on the way. Then she turned around in horror. She was staring at her own body. But it was on the other side of the ground. Like she was staring at a window. Or a reflection. Peppercloud swallowed, backing up slowly and nervously.
"GUYS!" Suddenly, Firesong was next to her. She jumped back, then let out a sigh of relief.

"FIRESONG, THANK STARCLAN!" She padded up to him, and he purred in reply.
"I'm sorry about leaving you-"
"Leaving me? You never left me, you got seperated from me....." But his eyes weren't his. She narrowed her eyes, turning her head.
"Are you Firesong?"
"Of course I am..." He meowed, his eyes glowing dark red.
"You're not him," She noticed, "I know who Firesong is, and your not him....Are you?" Then the cat began to grow. Its fur changed from red to black, black as night, dark as the surrounding area. His eyes were green, and his claws were bigger than a dog claw
"Oh my-"
"You really think I was your pathetic friend?" The cat hissed, edging closer to her.
"Where am I? Who are you?!" She growled, unsheathing her claws, "WHO ARE YOU?"
"You'll see," He meowed, "When the fireball come. When Waterfang dies."
"What?" Her heart leaped. His eyes grew cold.
"You're a friend of him aren't you?" He hissed, his lips curling into a smile, "Then you shall see."
"See what?!" Peppercloud was confused, "See WHAT?"
"I'm sure you are also a friend of Swiftclaw?" He asked. Peppercloud backed up, and was on the verge of running.
"What are you going to do with me?" Peppercloud gulped. The cat smiled.
"Kill you inside." Peppercloud was now confused for good, until she felt a voice enter her head. She head Swiftclaw's screams in her head, burning her body like inner fire. The cat vanished from her view, but he was still in her head.
"Wha-" Blood was flowing on the ground towards, making her scream.
"NO! PLEASE!" She cried, hearing his voice.
"YOUR FRIENDS WILL ALL DIE! EVERY LAST ONE!" He yowled. Peppercloud tugged her fur in pain. An image of Hollytuft getting shot, smacked her head. Her claws dug into her skull. Swiftclaw's death then rushed into her, watching her friend getting crushed.
"Stop!" She cried out, feeling her body die inside her. She saw Hollywhisker's body falling with Birdpaw into a chasm of death.
"NO! STOP!"

"EVERYONE WILL DIE!" He yowled again. She saw Silverwind and Mintshadepelt frozen solid in the snow. The she saw Waterfang getting slashed by a hawk while battling that same cat she saw, and her eyes went side. His blood gurgled around everyone until it formed a face of death.
"GET OUTTA MY HEAD!" Peppercloud screamed. She felt an explosion inside, and she fell down, lights out.

"PEPPER!" She heard someone meowed. Her eyes shot open. Sweat was pouring down her face. It was a dream? She felt her ribs curiously. It wasn't broken.
"What happened?" Peppercloud wondered.
"What do you mean what happened, You freaking passed out while we battled Lapis's Mist! You passed out after you took a drink!" Emeraldheart muttered.
"Yeah, you're lucky i dragged your butt here!" Rainsplash hissed.
Peppercloud groaned as she stood up.
"Where is here?"
"With another group!" She heard a voice echo her ear. She sat up, her eyes opening wider.
"Bramblefire? Waterfur! MeadowWing!" Her heart soared, until she read their faces.
"What's wrong?"
"Guys," Waterfur meowed, shaking scared, "Hollywhisker and Birdwing were killed."

Frozen Cold

Mint, MINT!?" Silverwind meowed out, her eyes wide with horror. For a second, she thought she was dead when the avalanche crushed them, tossing them wherever it wanted them to go. Now she was stuck deep underneath a huge amount of snow, freezing her solid. Her breath was shaking, and she squeezed her eyes to swallow in the pain of her body, and the snow, which felt like cold fire on her muscles. With a grunt, she began lifting herself up, trying to reach the top. And she was way deep under. And super cold. Finally, Silverwind managed to get her claw to the top, which exploded in the air. And not only that, the air felt cold and wet. It's snowing, she presumed, lifting her body up, which is bad. Finally, her head popped out, then the rest of her body. Silverwind's body shook rapidly, and her teeth chattered as she spun around. It seemed as though she was surrounded by a frozen world, drowned in snow falling from the sky and snow covering other stuff. Silverwind let out a breath, dissolving into mid-air.
"MINT?!" She yowled over the roaring wind. The medicine cat vanished with her when they both got attacked by the avalanche, and if she's stuck underground, then she could suffocate. Unless she escaped, which the white she-cat wished. Her eyes scanned the ground and the trees surrounding, feeling the cold beginning to rush up her leg and freeze her fur. Silverwind took a step forwards, her limbs shaking as her paw sank into the deep white crystals. Then she took another. Warmth and pain began to leap inside her body as walked faster, until she was leaping over the snow. Floating pieces of snow flew into her face, making her squint and stop jumping. And as if luck, she found pawprints. Mintshadepelt's pawprints! Relief spread inside Silverwind, but as she looked closer, she noticed that the prints were an hour fresh. She was an hour behind her friend. And at once, she began to follow the prints in the searing frost of leaf-bare.

It seemed like hours since Silverwind began her trek to find Mintshadepelt. And so far, no luck, besides a few leaves Mintshadepelt dropped on the ground that Silverwind munched on

to keep up her strength. It didn't matter what she ate from Mintshadepelt's leaf bag, it was keeping her alive. Suddenly, she heard a sound, a faint one, but it was loud enough to make her flattened ears and whiskers rise.
"MINT?" She looked up, her head shaking as snow clinged on her fur. She was really cold now, and frostbite, or what she presumed, was tearing her muscles apart, along with her hope. She began to limp forwards, edging closer to the shadowy figure. It seemed to be, feasting on something, cause it lifted it's head up, gobbling down what seemed like leaves, or was it another animal.
"MINT!" She called out again. But then the figure turn its body, and Silverwind made a big mistake in what she thought was her friend. It was a wolf. But she didn't know what it was feasting on. Still in fear, she walked forwards, until she could see every piece of the wolf's bloody and frozen pelt. And then she saw the prey. And it was a cat. Silverwind swallowed back a scream, covering her mouth with her paw as she backed up, watching the wolf devour her friend's body. She backed up faster, until in bad luck, she stepped on a twig, which snapped in the air loudly. Her eyes widened when she saw the wolf turn it's head, eyes wild and deadly, staring at her as if she was her last meal. In a cry, she began to sprint the opposite way. But she couldn't get far, because the wolf already grabbed her, and was pulling her backwards. It bit down hard onto Silverwind's neck, and blood began to paint the snow in seconds. Silverwind desperately tried to get away, but the teeth grew deeper in her throat. With one last effort, she swung her claw at the wolf's throat, before she was let go.
"YOU KILLED MINT!" She yowled angrily, swiping the wolf. But then it swung its paw faster than her, and before she could say anything more, the world flipped, and her head slammed into a rock. Then the world spun around in circles, and the last thing she could recall was darkness. And before that happened, the wolf, grabbing his throat, collapsed on the ground, dead.

Waterfang's Fate

Waterfang felt his heart sink when he stepped out into another forest, but this time, the sky was lightening up, like a sunrise was about to occur. Nightwhisker paced behind him, confused. The air was quiet and fresh, but it chilling Waterfang to the bone.
"So this is our final one?" He wondered. Waterfang nodded, swallowing hard.
"It's mine. It's gotta be," He meowed, his tail quivering in the air. Nightwhisker's whiskers twitched as his friend began to trot forwards, his face looking as if he saw a ghost. Pumpkintail felt nervous for the RiverClan warrior too. Apparently, he had an insane backstory to his life. And Lynx had ruined majority of it.
"Waterfang," Pumpkintail spoke up, "What really happened to you here?" The tom froze in mid-step, staring at the city that laid in the distance. He swallowed back his response, once, twice, then turned around to face his friends.
"I used to live in RiverClan when I began. I was having the time of my life being an apprentice, being well known, having friends. But-" He looked up, his eyes pure blue, as if he was just shot by a hunter, "Lynx happened. He was the son of Scrouge. But more powerful. Snowhawk knew about him after he was taken by a hawk when Firestar was still alive. There was something that changed inside of him. Something that snapped..."

Many years ago...
"Lynx!" Snowkit cried out, rushing through the forest, tail-length behind him, "Come back!" But Lynx trudged on. Eventually he stopped short, and at the same time, the sound of war rushed into Snowkit's ear. He crouched down, watching a huge crowd of cats fighting side by side, or against each other. Snowkit was guessing that he was on the BloodClan's side, like his adoptive father Scrouge. Suddenly, they saw Firestar jerk his head violently, then fall onto the ground. Snowkit's heart skipped a beat. Was he really dead? Lynx's eyes widened.
"DAD DID IT!" He meowed. But then, outta nowhere, Firestar stood up, his eyes burning with anger and revenge.

"Wha-" Lynx cried out, "DAD!" Snowkit gulped in fear. It was as if a cat just rose from the dead. He should've died. Why wasn't he? He then did some kind of move on Scrouge, clamping his jaws upon Lynx's father's throat. The world then suddenly died as a cracking noise split the air, and the most powerful rogue of all, fell down dead. Lynx backed up, his eyes wide.
"No...NO!" Snowkit pressed his fur upon his half brother, listening to him sob in pain as the warriors of the forest let out their battle cries of victory. Lynx paced away, staring down upon the ground, his eyes narrowed.
"Lynx," Snowkit meowed, "I'm so sorry. I would've gone out there to save if i did anything to fight. But it already happened. I'm sorry."
"No," Lynx's eyes suddenly looked up, a flash of anger and evil streaking across his pupils. He spun around, walking towards Snowkit, who was backing up in confusion.
"It's your fault in the first place!" Lynx snapped, "Dad never told us, DID HE?"
"What?" Snowkit mewed, "I didn't do anything?"
"Your a warrior! You lied to me!" Lynx hissed.
"I never knew at the beginning Lynx! I'm sorry I didn't know!"
"You were just playing my family! Weren't you? So you could just race off into the sky back to your really family?! My parents are dead because of you!" He swung his paw in a flash, knocking Snowkit into a tree. He grabbed his face in pain, blood dripping from his cheek. Lynx unsheathed his claws angrily.
"Lynx stop it!"
"Or what Snowkit? Or WHAT?! When i grow up, i will murder every last warrior who caused death to my father, because he was twenty times better than them, stronger than them, than any of them!"
"But what you're doing is wrong! Let me do something to help you!"
"Get out of here Snowkit. You don't belong here. Get away from my anger as far as you can. Or I'll kill you." Lynx yowled. Snowkit, now horrified, raced away, his tail tucked below his belly, running, running, running to the horizon in tears.

Years Later.....
"We're under ATTACK!" A yowl roared in the sky. Waterkit jolted awake, feeling the ground thunder as his friends and RiverClan mates battled another group of cats, some who wore the collar of the teeth of dogs and other cats. Fires rained down upon the cats

from above, showering them in a storm of death.
"Waterkit! Oxkit! Treekit!" Willowpelt shrieked, "We got to go, we're losing!" Losing wasn't a word that Waterkit had heard of before. And it sounded bad. Horror grew into his throat as he watched the massacre. Suddenly, Willowpelt collapsed as a large dark furred cat knocked her down. She was knocked out cold in seconds. Waterkit and his siblings began to back up, horrified at the cat that was approaching them. It was Lynx. But then, he suddenly growled at his siblings, knocking them back to face Waterkit. His heart skipped a beat as he realized, he knew that he was part of the prophecy to kill Lynx. He was the weak link. His mother, Whitestream turned around, only to watch helplessly as her kit, out of all her three, was about to die.
"Please don't hurt me!" Waterkit cried, his eyes tearing up as his back hit the wall, watching Lynx's lips curl into a growl. He lifted his head back, chin almost touching his chest as the murderer approached, flames flowering behind them all.
"I've never killed a prophesied kit before without anyone to even protect you," Lynx hissed cocking his head in agreement, "I wonder how StarClan can save you. Oh wait," Lynx narrowed his eyes, "They can't. They can't hear your screams." Then he lunged. Waterkit ducked, making Lynx almost skid into the wall. Panicked, he and his sibling began to run, but Lynx threw out a swing of his claw, knocking Waterkit violently to the floor, unconscious. A scream echoed the world, before Waterkit skidded to a halt, his body lying ominously still. Oxkit let out a yowl in horror, rushing to his brother. A trickle of blood rushed from his jaws and his head.
"Waterkit wake up! WATERKIT!" Treekit meowed. Through the smoke, they could only watch as Lynx lunged, claws outstretched, eyes burning with anger and death. Oxkit's ears flattened. Then, a grey cat suddenly attacked him in mid-air, throwing Lynx to the earth.
"Leave my kits alone!" Whitestream growled, striking Lynx multiple times in his muzzle. Lynx slid under her belly, drawing a line through her chest. She immediately collapsed, clutching her chest. All this happened in less than 10 seconds.
"With Firestar not around here anymore," Lynx hissed, approaching her with his bloody claw," Its a bit harder to kill a generation that actually took a life from him. Only this time," He dropped down to where Whitestream was lying, "There's nobody as powerful as

Firestar. There never will be." He bit down on her neck, making Whitestream scream. Then, she went silent. Oxkit let out a cry, his eyes tearing up in pain. Treekit began sobbing, rushing to their mother. In silence, Lynx walked away, staring deeply into his eyes. "This isn't over RiverClan cat."

Years Later....

"Dad," Feather meowed, her eyes growing in sadness to Lynx, her father, "I love him. He's special dad!"

"He's a threat..." Lynx hissed, staring down upon Waterfang's body, lying on the side, gashes and bruises marking his entire body from head to toe. Feather was blocking his path to kill him further, which was helping him regain strength.

"He's different. You can't see that he's different-"

"You think that I'll change my destiny Feather?" Lynx snarled, ripping the earth with his claws. Feather locked her eyes on Lynx, strength building up in her muscles.

"I wouldn't expect you too," Feather said, dipping her head. Lynx's tail flattened angrily. Feather sighed as she went back to help Waterfang to his feet. Oxtail was nearby, Sunspot watching behind Oxtail as the rogue turned her back on Lynx. But he wasn't done.

"Listen to me Feather! You aren't them! They are the enemy, and your mother would know that too-"

"Keep Leena out of this dad. You watched her die! You let her die!" Feather began to tear up, her heart shaking as she stood up to Lynx. Frost sat nearby, face twisting in rage, while Hawk growled by Lynx with the other rogues.

"You don't understand!" Lynx hissed, "LISTEN TO ME FEATHER!"

"What if I don't want to dad?!" Feather snapped, "And my name is Feathertail. Feather no longer symbolizes me. StarClan does, not you. You tried to hide the truth? Now it's going to blow up in your face."

"She has a point you know," Waterfang winced, a hint of joy lightening up in his face. Lynx growled angrily, trying to hold back his sadness and regret.

"Fine. If you choose that side, so be it. You'll just die with the rest of these fools. But in the meantime," He faced Waterfang, eyes blazing cold fire, "I have a prophecy to break." Then he lunged. Feathertail jumped forwards, colliding with her father in mid-air. Hawk and a few others began attacked Waterfang, while Sunspot and Oxtail

battled Frost and other warriors. Waterfang jabbed one in the ribs, then back kicked another in the face. His claws swished in the air as he tried attacked back to the cats, hitting some hard in the shoulder. He suddenly felt Hawk's teeth sink into his shoulder, and pain knocked him down before Hawk's weight did. Waterfang turned up, his claws trying to prevent Hawk's teeth from piercing his throat. Oxtail, as if reading Waterfang's mind, tossed a rogue at Hawk, knocking them both to the ground. A sound made Waterfang turn his head, watching as Feathertail received deadly blows to the head.
"LYNX!" Waterfang yowled, making him stop. Feathertail stumbled back, her body badly scarred, "You want me, so come and get it."
"Glad too," He responded, lunging at Waterfang at supersonic speeds. Waterfang ducked, cutting his chest, the same move that h did on his mother moons ago. Lynx howled, biting his lip as blood seeped from his his chest.
"I learn coward!" Waterfang smiled, before bashing his enemy in the ribs. Without warning, Lynx stood on his hind legs, then delivered two blows to his head, causing Waterfang to go sliding into the wall. He groaned as he stood, only to get knocked back again from Lynx's leap towards him. His head went dizzy as his head crashed into the rocks. Lynx grabbed his scruff, tossing him into Oxtail. Now that was painful, he thought, stumbling to stand. Oxtail was trying to stand too, alerting Waterfang as he approached.
"Is that all you got?" Waterfang sneered, unsheathing his claws. But then, Lynx's eyes grew blue, and Waterfang's encouragement drooped. His claws went blue like the sky, and his voice sounded like death.
"The thing about being part of a famous generation," He smiled, "Is that you can get the best from them. And that piece is what makes you invincible." He slashed Waterfang, making him get thrown backwards violently. Black blood began seeping down his face instead of red blood, and confusion began to settle, because he was dazed and stunned. Lynx ran quickly to his side in speeds he couldn't understand, then swiped down two other times, once in the ribs, then another on his neck. Waterfang let out a shriek as the world spun around him. The earth met him on his chest, and his body flipped sideways into the open. Waterfang felt his arm break on the fall, and now, he couldn't get up completely.
"Nothing personal Waterfang," Lynx meowed, before raising his

hands. But before the blow, Feathertail attacked him, throwing him to the ground and biting hard upon his scruff while pinning him. Lynx then spun through her grip, then leaped on her back, and ripped her to shreds. Feather collapsed in pain, Lynx hovering above her like a cloud of death.
"You gave me pain Feathertail," Lynx meowed, "So you deserve the same."
"No...NO! DAD! PLEASE NO!!" She pleaded. But with one angry swing of his blue claws, it went through Feather's body like a blade of fire. Feathertail let out a scream, and Waterfang's eyes went wide.
"WATERFANG! HELP!" She wailed as Lynx delivered another slash, "WATERFA-" Then she went silent. Dead silent. Lynx stood up, blood dripping from his claws. Waterfang just walked to a stand still, the battle revolving around him for a few seconds. He shook his head as Lynx backed up, letting Waterfang view her broken body, lying still and silent, eyes wide and glossy.
"She's not dead. No..NO!" Anger rushed through Waterfang as he charged at Lynx. With a sweep of his paw, Waterfang went somersaulting into the ground.
"YOU KILLED HER! YOU-" Waterfang attacked him again, but Lynx caught him by the throat. Waterfang let out a cry, clutching his bleeding throat. Oxtail turned around, watching his brother suffer.
"You brought this one on yourself Waterfang," Lynx hissed, before dropping him back to the ground. Then, he vanished. Waterfang rushed over to Feathertail's side, trying to move her, hoping for a sign of life. Nothing. Lynx ripped the living soul out of her body. The puddle of her blood began to soak Waterfang's fur as he clutched her, weeping over her. Then he let out a yowl to the sky, anger rushing inside of his bones. His only love was dead.

Today in Dreams...
Waterfang opened his eyes, watching the sky. The air felt cool and fresh, but smoke also snuffed his nostrils. He stood up, lying below Lynx's towering shadow. Waterfang jerked up, crouching down in a battle stance.
"Stay away from me!" Waterfang snapped, baring his fangs. Lynx just blinked.
"I'm not scared of you any more Waterfang," Lynx meowed, "But I can kill you with your memories." Then a noise shook his ears. He

looked up, watching a glowing white cross spin in the air towards him. His heart lurched when the memory rocked his brain. It happened years ago, and losing what was in there was more horrifying.
"Emily-"
"She....She was a twoleg Waterfang. A cautious one, strong and powerful, even when she became a cat. I knew you cared for her like Feather." Lynx smiled, "She deserved to die on that plane."
"No, she didn't deserve to die Lynx, you freaking killed her!" Waterfang stomped forwards.Lynx threw out his hands towards Waterfang's head, and a painful burst of fire shockwaved through his body. Then, he realized that he was reliving her memory. Emily's last minutes.
"Waterfang!" Emily cried, hands wobbling on the steering wheel of the plane. The air roared with fire and smoke, ripping the sky in half. Tears rushed down her eyes as the wings struck down a nearby church tower. People panicked as the plane rushed above them, screaming towards the hills.
"If you could hear me," She cried, face battering with smoke and dust, "I have to put this plane down in the hills. I can't let anyone suffer from Lynx's rage..."
"Emily.." Waterfang was shaking inside.
"I want you to watch her die," Lynx crackled.
"NO!"
"I'm not going to make it...I'm sorry...For everything.."She wept, feeling the wings beginning to rip upon the valley mountainsides, then began to approach the lake. The Lake where the Clans were. Waterfang remembered being down there, watching in horror as the plane began to descend. Emily wiped her tears on her sleeve, feeling her stomach lurch as it began to drop.
"I really enjoyed being alive like this in this world," She whispered, "especially watching my family grow. The warriors were something that I wished I spent my entire life living on. And I wish I could see it thrive too. I wanted to special in this world. And....And....I can't. Jason would've loved that." Suddenly, the wing snapped, and the plane went into a barrel roll. Emily's body lifted up, and fell back down behind the seat. The world spun around, plane screaming with flames.
"I have to do this," Emily muttered. Waterfang shook his head, "I'm sorry Waterfang." Then, as the ground approached, Emily closed her

eyes and buried her head into her arms. Seconds later, the plane smashed into the lakeside, fire blooming everywhere, and pieces of the planes ripping into the silent water. Cats went flying, cut and ripped from the destruction, and Emily was gone with the flame-
Today...
FIRE! Waterfang's mind screamed as he awoken from his nap. The sky was scarred with smoke, air tasting like burning flesh in his nostrils. He jabbed everyone awake as a tree fell in the distance.
"FIRE! GUYS WAKE UP!" He yelped. Nightwhisker jumped awake, Pumpkintail groaning as she awoke, as if the danger was mild. Flameheart immediately panicked though. Foxstep and Icefang jerked their bodies around, eyes wide as the flames grew before them. The ground rained with little pebbles of ash and flecks of fire catching onto their fur.
"This way guys! Follow the darkness!" Waterfang rasped in the smoke. Nightwhisker stood up, running along the side of a small river into the darkness as the orange flowers drew closer and spread wider. Soon enough, Icefang felt her paws splash into the flat river.
"This way guys! Into the water!" She demanded. Pumpkintail leaped over a flaming tree, Flameheart following along with Waterfang. Suddenly, as Nightwhisker and Foxstep were approaching the fallen tree on fire, another larger tree began to collapse over them. Icefang's heart quickened. They aren't going to make it! Quickly, Icefang jumped from the water, leaping onto shore.
"Icefang?" Nightwhisker wondered as he jumped over the tree. But by then, he knew his mistake. At once, the tree snapped, and all its structures began to fall on the warriors who were still in the fire. Icefang leaped over the burning tree, crashing into Nightwhisker in mid-air, and then into Foxstep, who fell back as they fell. At the same time, a wave of fire seared into Icefang's body, and burned her fur and flesh. She cried out in pain, before falling over, blood dripping from her back.
"ICE!" Foxstep meowed, padding over to her friend in worry. She was trembling, wincing and moaning as the pain became more of a flame on her back.
"She's still alive!" Nightwhisker pronounced. He began licking her back, spitting out blood gushing out. Icefang screeched with each lick, trying to calm and cool her overheated body. Waterfang raced around to find Icefang's body on the ground, and relief rushed into him as he saw her chest rise and fall with a shudder.

"Guys we got to go!" Waterfang yowled over the screaming forest. Then Nightwhisker's eyes went wide as he saw a large group of dark shadows approaching them.
"Waterfang, behind you!" Nightwhisker shrieked. The RiverClan cat spun around, only to get knocked down by a large black figure. They wrestled each other as Foxstep helped Icefang to her paws. Finally, Waterfang got pinned by the cat to the ground, claws digging into his shoulder. The a large flame whipped up, and the cat's face was revealed.
"Boo!" Lynx whispered.
Chapter 23: Waterfang's Fate (7th Death)
Waterfang flipped Lynx backwards, then swiped at his face, making him tumble back.
"You got stronger," Lynx realized suspiciously, claws digging like thorns into flesh into the earth.
"I learned a thing or two," Waterfang muttered, eyes locked onto his enemy. Icefang, Foxstep and Nightwhisker began to be surrounded by a bunch of other cats, scents of Twolegs trapped upon them, collars shining with teeth. Pumpkintail and the rest of the group were nearby, watching the scene as the fire roared around them.
"What do you want Lynx!" Waterfang shook with anger, "You've already taken everything from me, now what?"
"I think you already know this answer," He smiled, "To watch you suffer, and then everyone else in and out of this void." All of a sudden, a giant shadow loomed over the cats. Waterfang looked up, only to get thrown backwards by a giant red hawk, talons ripping into his chest. A caterwaul sounded in the air, as his body hit a rock on the way down.
"WATER!" Pumpkintail shrieked, watching her friend slam into the ground. Waterfang cried out, paws shaking as blood flowed slowly down his ribs. The hawk landed in front of the remaining group, eyes dark and narrow and tasting the scent of fear rising. Lynx's eyes shot towards Pumpkintail.
"I'm sure you remember this one Pumpkintail," He meowed, tail whipping from side to side low on the ground, "The one enemy that murdered your family. Hurts doesn't it?" Pumpkintail growled at the rogue before her.
"You piece of fox dung, I'll slaughter you if I need to!"
"Lynx, we need to finish this, let us show them no mercy!" Frost demanded from above. Icefang grew unsteady at seeing her old foe

alive joining among Lynx's ranks.
"If you say so," Lynx smiled, "We could try that, and make them scream in pain. Either way, none of you guys are getting out alive. You're outnumbered." Lynx recalled, "And when i'm done with you, I'll destroy every last warrior, every last generation, everything that you guys ever cared about, and make you watch your precious work die with them."
"Says who?" A voice sounded from above in the trees. Suddenly, a large amount of cats went falling from the sky, one landing on the hawk, and a few flattening Frost and her warriors.
"Wassup guys!" Emeraldheart purred. Lapis began attacking a few cats, while Bramblefire and Rainsplash attacked Frost.
"YAY!" Flameheart jumped.
"WATERFANG, GO!" Bayberry called over the fight, "We got this!"
Lynx was confused, allowing Waterfang to attack him, this time with the hawk occupied by Icefang, now fully healthy, Nightwhisker, and everyone else. Waterfur, MeadowWing, Peppercloud, and Firesong were there too, taking on the other rogues. Waterfang kicked Lynx in the leg, then frontal swiped his head down. Lynx threw his back with his paw to the center, where Lynx paced around him.
"I've waited years to fight you again Waterfang. And this time, I'm going to win."
"Enough with the chit chat! I'd like to see you try!" Waterfang joked. And at once, both cats collided into an epic battle.

Nightkit felt herself gulp as her mother gracefully licked her fluffed fur. Her tail was quivering in the air in fear.
"Mistyfeather...I mean...Mom," Nightkit meowed nervously, "I'm scared. What happened to me before...I don't know if I'm ready to become an apprentice!"
"Listen to me Nightkit. I love you. And I don't want to lose you. No matter what happens, I always love you." Mistyfeather meowed, purring as she pressed her muzzle on the little kit's forehead.
Nightkit bit her lip from spoiling the fact that a crazy maniac was trapped inside her body. And she was sure that he would hear her thoughts, so she threw it out her mind before he could catch on.
Suddenly, she felt something pinch her chest. Confused, she paused in mid-step, then lifted her paw to her chest. She came back with blood. Her own blood. Nightkit flinched as another cut opened up

like magic on her shoulder. Lynx's presence the came back into her, and he whispered silently.
"Waterfang is battling my other body," Lynx meowed, a hint of annoyance in his meow, "And he's winning."
Her vision was going crazy, and she couldn't focus. Without anything to do, she swiped her paw up, and to the side. She came back with blood on her paw dripping down her arm. She felt suddenly powerful and strong. Then she realized what was happening.
"I'm killing him!" She cried, but had no control over her body, "Lynx stop!"
"Never."

Waterfang's body dropped onto the ground painfully. Quickly, Lynx swung his paw into his ribs, tossing him into Nightwhisker. Both cats collapsed onto the ground, out of breath. Waterfang jumped back up, lunging into Lynx's back. The black cat slithered out of Waterfang's grip, then sank his fangs into Waterfang's shoulder. From there, he swung the RiverClan cat into a wall. His body bounced off it, chest and all crushing into the ground. Lynx smiled as he padded over to the injured tom. Waterfang sliced Lynx's leg, making him drop, but then, he threw his paw out at Waterfang's throat. He fell on the floor, gasping for breath as Lynx closed his throat up.
"I want to watch you die Waterfang. All my life, I wanted to watch you die." Suddenly, a body, threw the rogue into the water, releasing Waterfang to breathe once again.
"Pumpkintail!" Waterfang gasped, groaning as he sat up, "Thanks."
Out of the corner of Waterfang's eyes, he saw Lynx slowly getting up from the water, drenched with the lake behind him.
"This fight isn't over though," Waterfang pointed out, curling his lips into a snarl. Lynx coughed as his eyes glowed onto Waterfang. Pumpkintail spun around, watching both toms stare down each other. Then Waterfang lunged, pinning Lynx onto the ground, claws outstretched and in the air for a killing strike. But he hesitated as Lynx meowed,
"You are very dumb Waterfang. So blind and innocent. Not even able to protect the ones he loves."
"What are you talking about," Waterfang's arm was shaking in fear, but had eyes of anger.

"Remember when you were fighting me before, years back, "Lynx muttered, "How you were deputy, ad I had the one cat who murdered most of your family, and exposed Feather. Remember that? How you left her to die."
"Leave her out of this," Waterfang snarled, claws unsheathing farther out. But Lynx seemed calm and serious.
"That was a test. To see who lives, and who prevailed. Now this test has returned. What would you do, kill me, that one person you hated all your life, or save your precious clanmate?" Suddenly, Pumpkintail shriek echoed the air. The hawk was killing her! Its talons sliced her head down, then pinned her on the ground. It then picked her up in the air, throwing her close to the edge of the pool. A crack sounded as her bones snapped when she landed hard. The hawk flew into the air, circling for the final strike, the final dive to kill Pumpkintail. Waterfang was shaking harder, watching between both enemies. Finally, he let go of Lynx, shaking his head in defeat, then spun around, racing towards his friend. Pumpkintail was bleeding badly, struggling to stand. At the same time, the hawk began its dive, crashing its talons into some warriors and rogues.
"PUMPKIN, LOOK OUT!" Waterfang cried. Bramblefire and Lapis froze in mid-fight, eyes wide as they saw the scene unfold. Pumpkintail looked up, ears flattening as the talons opened up. She closed her eyes, thinking to be the end, and that it was too late. With a stride, Waterfang shoved Pumpkintail out of the way. His eyes went wide, watching in slow motion as the talons slammed into him, feeling like a bolt of lightning just sliced through his body. The world spun around, blood splashing up, and then the hard slam of the ground, before the splash of water. Then darkness.

Lapis cried out as he watched Waterfang and the hawk plummet off the cliff into the rushing water. Waterfur's ears pricked up as Waterfang's scream struck his face. Lynx was standing up, smiling in completion and success. Pumpkintail's paw went over her mouth in disbelief and horror because she was sprayed in Waterfang's blood. The water below bubbled and shook, turning red with the splashes.
"Where are they?!" MeadowWing cried out. The rest of the group was frozen in shock after finishing off the rogues, standing at the edge of the cliff. Rainsplash was nervous. Suddenly, everyone jumped as the hawk exploded from the water, flapping its wings until it landed perfectly on the ground. Lapis then jumped into the

water, disappearing in the partially red lake.
"Lapis! Where are you going?!" Emeraldheart yowled. Flameheart turned around, helping Pumpkintail to her paws, ripped flesh drawn all over Pumpkintail. Together, they watched the hawk and Lynx take off into the woods. Lapis rushed out of the water, holding a limp figure in her jaws. She walked up a small side path to the group, then dropped the limp figure onto the ground.
"Water!" Skyheart cried out. He was shaking and walking, still alive, more like barely, and was trying to stay awake. He had three deep cuts in his chest, and his eyes were droopy.
"Guys, I don't feel so good," He coughed, blood dripping down his jaw. Then he collapsed. Flameheart rushed over, catching him before his body hit the ground. Bramblefire was crying, because he knew what happened here. Waterfang wasn't going to make it.
"Waterfang, you're going to be okay, I know you will," Nightwhisker sobbed. But the RiverClan cat was convulsing, and then suddenly, his paw dropped silently onto the pool of blood. MeadowWing covered her mouth with her paw, sinking down into Waterfur and began to cry. Pumpkintail was shaking as she felt Waterfang's limp paw, red soaked without a pulse.
"WATERFANG!" Flameheart whimpered. Icefang dipped her head in acknowledgement and sadness, while everyone swallowed their cries.
"He's gone guys. We're doomed now."

These Final Hours

Pumpkintail fell silent as the sky above the remaining 16 cats turned red. Flameheart was clutched over Waterfang's bloody body, swallowing her cries in her throat. Lynx escaped. The hawk is somewhere. And unless they find them both, then the Mists will purposely kill them all.
"It should've been me," Pumpkintail cried, "He shouldn't have saved me in the first place..." The memory of Waterfang's death was repeating like a broken record in everyone's mind, the hawk lunging, and Waterfang throwing Pumpkintail out of the way into a quick and painful death, leaving his last few breaths drowning in the lake before Lapis fished his body out.
"No, it's not your fault Pumpkin-" Flameheart tried to reassure, but she jumped back angrily.
"But's he's DEAD!" Pumpkintail cried out, tears rushing down her furry face, a burn of death on her heart, "Everyone that we ever knew and ever cared about in a few hours will be DEAD!"
Flameheart swallowed hard in her throat. She's been affected the most, since she was supposed to die by her own enemy that murdered her siblings, instead of the RiverClan warrior.
"I don't even know what to do now," Lapis meowed, "I mean, we wasted our time to save a clan, but yet we can't. We wasted lives that we shouldn't have wasted."
"Like Holly and Silver," Bramblefire moaned. The air grew warmer by the second. Then Foxstep stood up on her jelly-like bones, her eyes burning with anger.
"You guys gotta catch them both," Foxstep encouraged to Pumpkintail and Flameheart, "You guys are strong and fast enough to catch both of them."
"Why us?"
"Because you have more bravery than StarClan and the Clans combined," Rainsplash meowed, "And Waterfang's blood is inside you."
"B-But what about you guys?" Flameheart stammered, "The fireball is coming, you'll burn!" MeadowWing flinched when she heard the word burn.

"Ill coming with you guys," Bramblefire stated, "I don't want to die in the worst way, more as if i want to die the best way. I want to make it memorable."
"I'll come too," Nightwhisker meowed, "Waterfang was my friend. That hawk's gonna pay."
"So is Lynx," Icefang meowed, "Count me in." Suddenly, the air erupted as a bright light began to glow in the sky, and the sky began to turn darker, blocking out the sunset in the distance of the Twoleg city. The fireball was here. It seemed weird that something so big could wipe out an entire world. But if it's deadly, it should be avoided at any costs. The ground began to rumble around them as a loud noise boomed in the air, their ears screaming in pain, and a white cloud zooming along with the fireball. Waterfur yelped along with Bayberry.
"Oh no!"
"Go you guys," Rainsplash cried out, her eyes swollen with grief as the air grew warmer, "GO!"

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather here beneath the-"
"BREEZESTAR!" A sudden warrior gasped as he raced into camp. Nightkit jumped as the warriors turned their heads towards the cat, their eyes burning with the scent of fighting.
"Sunsteak?" Breezestar was confused, "What are you doing here, you're violating our boundary lines!" All the cats nodded in agreement.
"There's a huge problem, the-" Before she could continue, a loud shriek cut her off as a giant fog-like smoke began slowly descending from the hill towards the camp. Everyone began backing up, except for Nightkit.
"There's my home Nightkit. Can you feel the power coming?" Lynx hissed in her mind, but she was scared.
"Holy StarClan!" Nightkit could just meow, before Breezestar yowled,
"RUN! Get away from it, RUN!" All the warriors scattered as the fog crushed plant by plant in its path, growing larger and faster until it was upon them, faster than dogs. Nightkit began rushing up a tree, her heart pounding as the fog rolled past underneath her, the tree shaking as it struggled to hold on. Nightkit tried to block Lynx's image, making a wish she would never make with him there.

"Please help them stop the Mists before it's too late StarClan.

Flameheart's chest breathed heavily as she ran, the ground beneath her shaking and ripping at her pads within each stride forwards. The sky grew dark red as the giant light began to descend. It was only a matter of time before the world around them became nothing more than a giant lava pit. Reversing back into reality, she somehow caught up to Lynx and the hawk first, and she knew at this point, she could catch him. He suddenly propelled forwards, jumping over a giant trench onto the other side, where he slithered up to the surface. With one leap, Flameheart got over easier, then sliced her claws into Lynx's hind leg, making him crumble to the ground. Panting, Flameheart stumbled forwards, the light dying on the cats. Lynx stood up on his paws, his eyes burning with vengeance. The hawk sat perched in a nearby tree, watching from below. Lynx stepped forwards, his dog-like claws exposed in the air.
"You never learn do you Flame? It's OVER," He smiled, blood still stained on his teeth. Flameheart growled,
"You were never more than Waterfang. You murdered innocent cats, and you'll pay for that." Flameheart lifted her ears, hearing her friends approaching where they stood.
"Sounding so sincere?" Lynx chucked, narrowing his eyes, "I can rip you in half if I need to. Besides," His tail flickered towards the sky, the white flame vanishing over the Twoleg city, "Your time is up."
Flameheart turned her head, listening to the sudden loud booming sound that rang her body like a bell. She squeezed her eyes shut as a blinding light scarred her eyeballs. A few minutes later, a shockwave threw her to the ground, while Lynx stood there untouched. Anger grew in Flame's chest as she stood again.
"I'm not letting you get away with this Lynx."
"None of us are," Pumpkintail meowed, bumping Flameheart's shoulder. The rest of the gang came too, claws unsheathed at the two enemies.
"I'd like to see you try," Lynx snarled, crouching down. Suddenly, the hawk above flew down, heading exactly towards Nightwhisker. Seconds later, they watched as the warrior went flying down towards the ground.
"NIGHT!" Icefang shrieked as she jumped back over the trench. Suddenly, Frost appeared right behind Bramblefire, pulling him down.

"I'm still alive! Forget already?" She pulled Bramblefire over her shoulder, creating a gash in his shoulder. He lunged towards her, knocking her down from the cliff to the ground. Flameheart looked at Pumpkintail uneasily as the ground shifted harder and harder, heat beginning to rise around the cats. Suddenly, Flameheart felt a smack of pain, and found herself on the floor, Lynx over her with her paw on her throat.
"NO!" Pumpkintail yowled, sinking her teeth into Lynx's shoulder. But as if magic, he spun around with the grip, making Pumpkintail fly forwards. Lynx then swung his claws, knocking Pumpkintail down. Three lines of red blood appeared at her neck, flowing slowly down her fur. She struggled to stand up, and tried a swing to his ear, but his reflexes caught it in mid air. Lynx then crushed his jaws on Pumpkintail's scruff, tossing her into the air. Flameheart slid upwards again, only to get sliced back down by his paw.
"Pathetic." Lynx hissed. Flameheart then got into a crouch, then leaped. Lynx avoided it, and Flameheart landed pissed off. Rocks scattered when she landed, but her claws helped give her grip. She managed to catch him on his ribs, making a deep cut where his muscles showed. Lynx howled, then tossed Flameheart hard into the shaking rocks. In the distance, the city began to crumble and burn as a giant cloud of red smashed into the buildings. Dazed, Flameheart shook her head, only to get Lynx's paw on her throat. Flameheart bit down on his paw, then jumped up as he lunged forwards. Flameheart turned around, before realizing that she made a bad move standing up right in front of him. He then stood upon his hind legs, his front paws in the air for a powerful blow to Flameheart's head, making her tumble to the edge of the cliff. Her eyesight fogged quickly, then vanished instantaneously. All she saw was black. She couldn't breathe! Her heart pounded in her chest, and was the only sound she heard. Was she dead? A sudden rush of energy flowed through her, and a feeling of hope rushed through her body like the coldest fire. Waterfang. He was still there. Flameheart suddenly shot awake, feeling the ground shaking wildly. The cloud of fire was then reaching the pool where they got off from the Mists, many miles away from where they were. Flameheart groaned as she sat up, now seeing Lynx approaching her, Pumpkintail lying strangely still in the distance. But before the hope inside of Flameheart, there was fear.
"No, please..." She croaked, still dazed and in intense pain. Lynx

dragged his claws along the rumbling earth, glad that he'll get another kill. Then, out of nowhere, Pumpkintail tacked Lynx, slicing his face and shoulders. Lynx struggled to stand as Pumpkin threw ultimate blows to the rogue, until his eyes snapped shut after a screech of pain. Lynx tumbled down, the back of his pelt fluttering in the wind. Was he dead? Or unconscious? Flameheart couldn't tell at all. Pumpkintail let out a breath of relief, rushing over to Flameheart's side.
"Oh StarClan you are cut badly," Pumpkintail meowed worried, her eyes wide. But before she could say anymore, Pumpkintail was pulled backwards, Lynx, now wide awake, was battling her again, but this time, he had the advantage. He let out a bunch of hits to her body, making Pumpkintail collapse like a rag doll.
"PUMPKIN!" Flameheart struggled to stand again, limping towards her friend.
"Flameheart," Lynx hissed, lifting Pumpkintail's lifeless body, his hand clamped upon her screeching jaws,"I want you to watch you friends die, starting with Pumpkintail," He growled. Flameheart tried to take a step, but she fell back down.
"NO! LEAVE HER ALONE!" She cried out, watching Pumpkintail squirm nearby. She then bit down on Lynx's shoulder, making him stumble back, but as if a slow motion camera was activated between the fight, Lynx sliced his claws into her throat, hard, and deep. A high pitch scream echoed the sky, blocking out everything else in the world. Another scream erupted from Flameheart's mouth, watching Pumpkintail stumble backwards, as if in disbelief. Then she turned her head towards Flameheart, as if trying to say something. Seconds later, Pumpkintail fell sideways, her legs splayed out on the ground. Blood flowed from her throat like a river, and she looked half dead, half writhing in pain. Lynx stared down upon Pumpkintail's body, his eyes locked upon Flameheart's soul. And he had the scariest hint of pride in his eyes, the pride of winning. Pumpkintail then stopped shaking, eyes stared silently forwards at Lynx's feet, blood making a lake around all of them. She was dead. Flame let out a cry, closing her eyes, her paws closing up in a fist, trying to take out the image of death, but she was her best friend. Her only one to believe in her. Tears rushed down her face, and she could only sob in pain. Lynx licked his bloody paw while sitting, before re-standing, watching the flame cloud approach closer. It already was passing through the lake where Waterfang

was murdered, and was about to wipe out her other friends, watching the apocalypse unfold. Without knowing, Lynx bit down upon Flameheart's scruff, lifting her up, then tossing her to the side. "Now for our next show," Lynx joked, "It's Flameheart!" Flameheart tried to stand, only getting knocked back into the wall. A deep cut struck her leg, making her cry out again and collapse. Her paw began to shake in pain, hovering over her bleeding cut. The cloud now, exploded through the place where she left her friends. They're dead, Flameheart thought horrified as their screams echoed the sky along with the rumble of the air, we're gonna lose. Lynx knocked her down again, almost making her unconscious, then pulled her close to his whiskers to meow something in her flattened ears. "I'll stop your suffering right now," He hissed, "I'll let you experience your death right now with this cloud. And don't worry, it won't hurt." Lynx then vanished, jumping from rock to rock up the hill. Flameheart's eyes began to shrink as the bright light expanded, shaking her body harder and harder. Then a deep thought rushed into her body, making her realize something.
"Waterfang risked his life to save Pumpkintail. Pumpkin died for me. I have to honor that," She then limped up, staring up the hill in anger, "We're not ending this without a death."

Airstroke spun around, watching the Mists rise and grow larger, almost towering over the trees like skyscrapers. His paws slapped the ground hard, and weariness soon began to overcome him. "ITS GETTING BIGGER!" Firefur yowled. The trees were cramped with many warriors, hiding in fear, trying to avoid the giant mass of air hurtling towards them. Then, outta nowhere, the ShadowClan warrior tripped, falling forwards onto his chest. Unlucky, Airstroke couldn't get anywhere. There was nothing for him to climb. "AIRSTROKE!" A warrior cried from above. Airstroke turned around, facing the Mists Of Time approaching him quickly. His heart quickened as it crushed a nearby vole into nothing, and he backed up, tail tucked underneath his belly as his hind bumped the rocky wall. He was doomed. And if catches him, the whole world is doomed.

Icefang woke up, suddenly frozen in fear. The ground was shaking like a bunch of giant cats having a mega party. Ok, maybe not. But it brought enough fear inside her to know what was happening. She

glanced around, staring at the broken body of the hawk she took down. Nightwhisker was dead for sure. And Bramblefire was swaying, trying to get his balance. The cloud was ripping through the forest now, and Icefang knew, there was nowhere that they can go. Bramblefire then collapsed in front of Icefang, tired and wounded. There was fire still burning in his eyes, but it was dying slowly, like a sunset. Icefang began to sob as the ground jerked again.
"I'm not ready for death either," Bramblefire meowed, his paw shaking as the cloud grew higher and higher.
"I'm scared," Icefang could just mumble. Only Brambefire's eyes made her feel comfort inside. A white blinding light flung in their faces, making Icefang look away. Bramblefire's eyes went wide as he closed them, listening to the roar of fire.
"LOOK AWAY!" He cried, tears rushing down his face. Then a burning sensation slammed into them, knocking them backwards, before the real pain of being burned came.
"Goodbye Bramblefire! I-"

Flameheart knew she was the last one. She could feel it. Like a fire of death seeping through her bones. She now was racing the cloud. Racing it. Using it as a push to get to Lynx. A blinding white light flashed into her face, making her cry out. Hurry! Her mind screamed, RUN! Her body felt like a bird as the trees flew by her, and her paws seemed to lift off the ground. Then, she saw Lynx's shadow ahead of her. Suddenly, she felt her body get knocked to the side, her head bouncing off of a tree limb. Lynx thundered to her angrily.
"You thought wrong Flameheart!" He hissed, somehow putting her to her chest. Lynx then bit down upon her neck, and the worst feeling of all came towards Flameheart. It felt like liquid fire just tried to take over her mind, as well as make her lungs explode. It dug deeper, until finally, Flameheart went limp. Lynx, satisfied, dropped her. But then, as the cloud began to approach, maybe a few yards away, Flameheart grabbed him by the leg, then swung in front of him. Before he could react, Flameheart kicked her hind legs into his belly, kicking him into the air. At the same time, Lynx slashed down one final time, but hit her throat, before spiraling up, then tumbling down. His scream vanished into the roar of the giant flame cloud in a matter of seconds. Flameheart felt her throat

explode in blood, and soon enough she couldn't feel her body. She couldn't feel anything, She fell down choking on her own blood as the sunlight vanished above her with the blinding light. Before she could fall unconscious, she could see the giant wall of death slam into her, then darkness.

The Last Warrior

Flameheart's eyes fluttered open, a ray of light making her squint. Her body felt heavy, and pain rushed into her head when she moved. The world was engulfed in a bright light, shining like the sun and the moon all at once. Flameheart groaned as she sat up, rubbing her head as nausea came to. Her muscles felt like fire as she put weight upon it, and her fur was somewhat without marks. As if she regenerated magically. She limped painfully, spinning around, looking at her surroundings. Was she dead? Her heart raced nervously as the utter sound of dead silence fluttered around her. Suddenly, a meow echoed her head, and at once Flameheart spun around. Someone was here. A cat a bit taller than her but strong and powerful standing nearby, watching her.
"F-Firestar?" Flameheart stammered, stumbling back. The old tom grinned.
"At least my generation is still alive." Firestar cooed, "You did great Flameheart." Flameheart was looking up and down in disbelief.
"But....but I died! I don't think I did anything heroic besides killing Lynx but my friends are still gone!"
"In your heart they are gone," Firestar's eyes glowed, " But in your eyes they are not."
"So, I won?" Flameheart asked. Firestar nodded.
"You all did. But you were the one who completed the journey. You risked your own life to save your clan, and for that I can't thank you enough."
"Does that mean I can go back?" Flameheart meowed. Firestar nodded. In joy, Flameheart rushed into Firestar's body in a type of hug.
"Thanks great-grandfather." She whispered. She felt her body beginning to loosen as white particles whipped around her like wind. A sudden shock of energy rushed through her, before her vision faded into white.

Foxstep felt her body grow heavier in the darkness. She knew that she was dead, right? Unless she wasn't? Her eyes felt like glue, and her muscles were cramped. Great, she thought, I am dead.

Suddenly, a flash of light rushed into her body, and her muscles began to grow stronger. A blinding light struck her body like a typhoon, almost moving her body, before a ear ripping explosion ripped her head and soul. In a cry, Foxstep jumped awake, flinging from her strange vision. Her heart was racing as she stared out into a dark forest. Was this part of a dream? Foxstep wondered. She looked up. She was in a den. ShadowClan's den. She smacked herself in disbelief, trying to snap herself out of the dream. But it wasn't. She was actually home! Rainsplash, Firesong, and Swiftclaw were there too, fast asleep. They were alive! Foxstep's heart felt like it was going to bust in amazement, but explode in horror. How did she end up in ShadowClan camp without anyone noticing? And where was the Mists of Time? How did she get out? Foxstep noticed some warriors that she couldn't recognize, some new and some missing. And what was crazier was that when they left, it was leaf-bare. Now it was leaf-fall. Something happened between the Mists of Time and now, and she was going to find out.

The Future

Silverwind opened one eye. Then the other. Her heart thumped in her ear as sunlight struck her brown and white pelt. She stood up, vision still fuzzy staring at her surroundings. Didn't she die? She could remember everything. Every single bit from when the avalanche crushed her, to when the wolves ripped her apart. She remembered the pain, the blood flying, then darkness. But was this a dream too? She could feel and smell the world as if it was. And at once she knew that it was real.

"Silverwind?" Skyheart gasped behind her. Silverwind spun around startled and in shock.

"NO WAY!"

"SILVER You're Alive!" Skyheart cried, tackling her to the ground.

"I can't believe you're alive!"

"Me too!" A voice meowed. Both she-cats turned around to watch Waterfang enter the den.

"WATER!" Skyheart yelped, "I saw you die and you SCARED ME!" Skyheart bit Waterfang in the ear.

"Hey ow!"

"Don't do that again you scared everyone! But you're back! You're all back!" She gasped.

"You died?" Silverwind was confused. Waterfang shook his head trying to ignore the topic switch.

"How are we still alive? And where are we?" Waterfang wondered.

"In camp!" Silverwind jumped overjoyed. But Waterfang

frowned.

"I mean when. Like it doesn't look the same. Some of the cats are missing!"

"Well, let's explore and find out what happened," Skyheart insisted. Waterfang shrugged,

"Okay."

Waterfang stumbled into the nursery. He was awaiting for his love for days!

"Echolight!" Waterfang meowed as he entered. But in shock, nobody was there, except for Lightheart. Waterfang's eyes widened.

"Lightheart, you're bearing kits?"

"Didn't you know already? C'mon your deputy anyway Waterfang!" She rolled her eyes. Waterfang's stomach lurched. Deputy?!

"Where's Echolight by the way?" He asked. Lightheart pointed her tail into the forest.

"And Shimmerstar?"

"Shimmerstar? Haven't heard that name in eons! He passed away moons ago, Skyheart is the new leader!" Lightheart meowed, then leaned closer, "Are you okay Waterfang? You look like you just saw a ghost!" In horror, he rushed out of the nursery into the forest. His heart shook inside as Echolight's scent fled inside Waterfang's nostrils. This is a dream! Waterfang wanted to scream, this isn't happening! Out of no where, a gray cat slammed into Waterfang in mid-stride, and both RiverClan cats tumbled into the leaves.

"What are you doing Waterfang! You ruined my catch!" Echolight groaned. Waterfang watched the mouse vanish into

its burrows.

"Sorry. I...." He froze as he saw her flat belly. Where was the kits? His kits?

"Waterfang?" Echolight padded forwards to face him, "Are you okay? You've been acting strange today."

"Do we have....kits?" He muttered. Echolight laughed.

"You make me laugh Waterfang. That's why I love you. Of course we do! Three beautiful kits going to be named warriors next moon! Streampaw, Littlepaw, and Stonepaw! Its amazing, and you should be proud of them." Waterfang felt the ground beneath him quiver, and at once, he collapsed, fainting onto the ground.

Mintshadepelt was still in disbelief at the sight of her clan. In the future! She was tidying up her belonging when a cat's shadow casted over her body.

"Can I help you?" She meowed.

"I'm your apprentice Mintshadepelt! Can't you give a better welcoming then 'Can I help you?' Right?" The she-cat purred, mimicking her voice. Mint spun around to face the stranger. Her face was glowing like the sun, and pelt like a glimmering lake. On her face and throat however, she had a few nasty scars that ripped the beauty from her glow. Her pelt gave Mintshadpelt a guess at her name.

"Chocolatepaw?" Mintshadepelt wondered. The she-cat frowned.

"Are you making a joke outta my name? Mint, I don't like being called a bean that Twolegs eat as dessert and a drink, I mean, if you eat a part of me anyway, then you'd have ___pelt! Like seriously, who wants to be called ____pelt? Im Cocopelt for StarClan sake!" She spat.

"Sorry....Cocopelt. What are you doing today?" Mintshadepelt corrected and asked the she-cat.

"Well, I don't know, aren't you supposed to take me to the Moonpool today? It's my second time there with my new medicine cat name anyway!"

"Huh," Mint frowned at her anxiety and energy, "I forgot, how did you get your scars?" Cocopelt looked up to her mentor as if she supposed to know, but she didn't.

"It was when I was an apprentice. My first day. I was with you, when this cat attacked. It carried no scent, and it ripped me to shreds. If only i learned how to fight, I could've done something. Now I look like a fool, like crowfood. And if nobody knows who attacked me, then we could never track whoever attacked us both."

"Both?" Mintshadepelt froze. Cocopelt nodded.

"He attacked you too. He was smaller than you, and fought like a leader. He somehow overpowered us both, but you saved me. But, I still don't understand how you forgot."

"Yeah, me too," Mint could only sigh in wonder and horror. What happened since they left?

Hollywhisker found herself standing near the edge of WindClan's border line. The stench of cats whipped into her face as she walked over, cautiously checking her surroundings. The wind was cold and felt awful on her fur throughout the walk, and her head seemed to scream, where was I? Suddenly, a group of cats attacked her from behind! Hollywhisker felt her body drop as the weight of WindClan cats trapped her. With one heavy grunt, she thrusted her way out of the pile, sprinting towards the trees. Then she realized that outrunning WindClan warriors was a dumb idea. Soon enough, out of breath too, the cats attacked her again, slicing her belly and knocking her almost unconscious, before finally dropping her

to the ground where she laid.

"You, speak," One of the cats growled, "Or talk while you still can."

"I didn't do anything, what's wrong with you? I'm from SkyClan, aren't we welcome?"

"Twoleg kittens and other clans are forbidden," Another cat hissed in her ear, "That rule was established 6 moons ago. If they come to our clans, they die fools." Blood dripped down Hollywhisker's head as she tried to stand up. Surely enough, one of the cats swiped at her head, forcing her back down.

"Forbidden? By whom?" She meowed, eyes locked on the hard stare from the cats.

"Guys? What the heck are you doing?" A cat yowled from the hills above, among her a tom.

"Hollytuft! Birdwing!"

"Hollywhisker you're alive!" Birdwing cried, nudging her.

"You too! But, what's going on? I'm forbidden?"

"Hollytuft, stop jeopardizing this assault!" The main cat snarled.

"She's my friend Darktail. You should know this, I told you about her! And why would she assult us?"

"Same," Birdwing jumped in.

"Last time I checked, Skystar made it clear that all outsiders aren't welcome-"

"Sky WHAT?!" Hollytuft shrieked.

"You mean Skyheart?" Hollywhisker meowed confused, "She wouldn't do such a thing!"

"Try me," Darktail hissed. Hollywhisker's eyes grew wide.

"No...he wouldn't....he's a warrior, not a leader! You're LYING!" Birdwing shouted

"Are you judging my loyalty or his? Cause either way it's not going good for you guys." Darktail snarled. Hollywhisker's ears flattened nervously.

"Hollytuft, what's wrong with you? I thought you knew this rule, how could you forget 6 moons?"

"6...6 moons....oh Starclan what happened?" Hollytuft looked down at her friend in horror.

"Now while you wake up, I'm going to finish what I started," Darktail meowed, unsheathing his claws.

"NO!" In a cry, Birdwing tried to trample Darktail, but his strength threw the tom backwards.

"Hollywhisker, run! And don't come back!" Hollytuft yowled as she ran to slow down her clanmate. In response, she took off, limping into the forest, then raced up a tree into the darkness. Seconds later, Darktail and the other cats' bodies were swarming around the tree trunk where she was at before.

"Spread out, find out if she's still here. I want those outsiders dead!"

"Darktail what are you doing?!" Hollytuft cried. Suddenly, Darktail's claws sent Hollytuft's body flying into the leaves.

"The better question is what are you doing?" And with that, he rushed off and vanished, Hollytuft following behind. Out of breath, Hollywhisker half crawled, half slithered down the tree to the ground. Her eyes were watering in horror,

"What have we done to the clans?" Silverwind opened one eye. Then the other. Her heart thumped in her ear as sunlight struck her brown and white pelt. She stood up, vision still fuzzy staring at her surroundings. Didn't she die? She could

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"Huh," Mint frowned at her anxiety and energy, "I forgot, how

did you get your scars?" Cocopelt looked up to her mentor as if she supposed to know, but she didn't.

"It was when I was an apprentice. My first day. I was with you, when this cat attacked. It carried no scent, and it ripped me to shreds. If only i learned how to fight, I could've done something. Now I look like a fool, like crowfood. And if nobody knows who attacked me, then we could never track whoever attacked us both."

"Both?" Mintshadepelt froze. Cocopelt nodded.

"He attacked you too. He was smaller than you, and fought like a leader. He somehow overpowered us both, but you saved me. But, I still don't understand how you forgot."

"Yeah, me too," Mint could only sigh in wonder and horror. What happened since they left?

Hollywhisker found herself standing near the edge of WindClan's border line. The stench of cats whipped into her face as she walked over, cautiously checking her surroundings. The wind was cold and felt awful on her fur throughout the walk, and her head seemed to scream, where was I? Suddenly, a group of cats attacked her from behind! Hollywhisker felt her body drop as the weight of WindClan cats trapped her. With one heavy grunt, she thrusted her way out of the pile, sprinting towards the trees. Then she realized that outrunning WindClan warriors was a dumb idea. Soon enough, out of breath too, the cats attacked her again, slicing her belly and knocking her almost unconscious, before finally dropping her to the ground where she laid.

"You, speak," One of the cats growled, "Or talk while you still can."

"I didn't do anything, what's wrong with you? I'm from SkyClan, aren't we welcome?"

"Twoleg kittens and other clans are forbidden," Another cat hissed in her ear, "That rule was established 6 moons ago. If they come to our clans, they die fools." Blood dripped down Hollywhisker's head as she tried to stand up. Surely enough, one of the cats swiped at her head, forcing her back down.

"Forbidden? By whom?" She meowed, eyes locked on the hard stare from the cats.

"Guys? What the heck are you doing?" A cat yowled from the hills above, among her a tom.

"Hollytuft! Birdwing!"

"Hollywhisker you're alive!" Birdwing cried, nudging her.

"You too! But, what's going on? I'm forbidden?"

"Hollytuft, stop jeopardizing this assault!" The main cat snarled.

"She's my friend Darktail. You should know this, I told you about her! And why would she assult us?"

"Same," Birdwing jumped in.

"Last time I checked, Skystar made it clear that all outsiders aren't welcome-"

"Sky WHAT?!" Hollytuft shrieked.

"You mean Skyheart?" Hollywhisker meowed confused, "She wouldn't do such a thing!"

"Try me," Darktail hissed. Hollywhisker's eyes grew wide.

"No...he wouldn't....he's a warrior, not a leader! You're LYING!" Birdwing shouted

"Are you judging my loyalty or his? Cause either way it's not going good for you guys." Darktail snarled. Hollywhisker's ears flattened nervously.

"Hollytuft, what's wrong with you? I thought you knew this rule, how could you forget 6 moons?"

"6...6 moons....oh Starclan what happened?" Hollytuft looked down at her friend in horror.

"Now while you wake up, I'm going to finish what I started," Darktail meowed, unsheathing his claws.

"NO!" In a cry, Birdwing tried to trample Darktail, but his strength threw the tom backwards.

"Hollywhisker, run! And don't come back!" Hollytuft yowled as she ran to slow down her clanmate. In response, she took off, limping into the forest, then raced up a tree into the darkness. Seconds later, Darktail and the other cats' bodies were swarming around the tree trunk where she was at before.

"Spread out, find out if she's still here. I want those outsiders dead!"

"Darktail what are you doing?!" Hollytuft cried. Suddenly, Darktail's claws sent Hollytuft's body flying into the leaves.

"The better question is what are you doing?" And with that, he rushed off and vanished, Hollytuft following behind. Out of breath, Hollywhisker half crawled, half slithered down the tree to the ground. Her eyes were watering in horror,

"What have we done to the clans?"

A Kit In Trouble

Skyheart flexed her claws in and out. She's leader of RiverClan? She couldn't believe it, but at the same time was worried of her past. What did she do as a leader? Was she a good leader? And why were there less warriors out in the clearing then there were before? Escaping her questioning head, she padded outside, sneaking away from her clan into the great outdoors. Her heart raced as she paced around the forest, eyes scanning the world around her. Was this really home? Or a nightmare? Out of nowhere, a swish of the grass and leaves made her halt. Skyheart spun around, tense.

"Hello?" She meowed, shaking in her voice.

"Good, it's you again, Skyheart," A she-cat meowed. Skyheart flung her body to face-

"Hollywhisker? HOLLY!" She cried overjoyed. But before she could react, Hollywhisker crouched down and jumped her. Soon enough, Skyheart was pinned, and Hollywhisker's claw was shaking in the air unsheathed.

"Holly, what the.....what happened to you?"

"What happened to me? What in StarClan's name happened to you piece of fox-dung!" Hollywhisker growled, tears streaming down her scratched up face.

"Hollywhisker what's going on?"

"You tell me Skystar."

"Hollywhisker, I'm your friend, I wouldn't do anything to hurt you, please trust me." Hollywhisker's eyes glowed like dark moons upon Skyheart, until she finally let go, anger in her release. Skyheart flipped over on her stomach, watching her friend pace back and forth, claws still unsheathed.

"WindClan told me you, well if you're actually Skyheart, future you, you passed a law that forbid the outside world to enter, including kittypets and other clans, and if they enter they automatically die. What I don't get is why....why you did it? If you do remember those days after we got out of the Mists," Hollywhisker mewed. Skyheart's heart lurched.

"I don't know. Some kind of dispute happened between us, and I turned from a friend into an enemy. I don't understand why, but I know it's wrong, yet I can't change it." Skyheart cooed. Suddely, a loud noise of cats sounded beyond the forest. Skyheart's eyes went wide.

"Hollywhisker run, get out of here while you still can! I'll come back for you, I promise!" Skyheart yowled, "Run!" In sadness, Hollywhisker vanished in a sprint into the woods, the orange leaves camouflaging her pelt.

"I don't trust her," Icefang muttered under her breath, watching Nightpaw be renamed Nightstrike, "How can you get to be the best warrior of all the clans and be warriorized 2 moons prior to her original warriorization? And on top of that be 'better' than us?"

"What a tongue twister!" Hollytuft joked, sticking her tongue out.

"I agree," MeadowWing hissed to Icefang's statement, "But we could find out on today's gathering right?"

"True," Bramblefire nodded, "I wanna be like her too, all powerful and strong-"

"You're going off topic Brambs."

"Sorry."

"Alright," Icefang whispered to her friends as the WindClan leader called to order, "We're going to the gathering now, so best talk to her."

"I'm still annoyed of the fact that they kicked Hollywhisker away. That means we can't even see Lapis or Emerald! Who knows if they are even alive?" Hollytuft growled, twitching her whiskers at Darktail. MeadowWing hid her face of guilt to her friends as they began walking off to the island.

"Lemme go talk to her, be right back guys," MeadowWing meowed, before taking off to the warrior.

"Boy does she seem happy," Bramblefire rolled his eyes.

Swiftclaw sat silently with her clan, eyes locked at the stars. The world was different, and some of it not in a good way. If only she could sense it out. In surprise, she noticed Skyheart among the ranks of the leaders. What's she doing there, she thought cocking her head, And Waterfang is deputy? Skyheart shouldn't be there unless Shimmerstar is dead, which means-

"Let's bring this gathering into order!" Blazestar yowled, his voice older and harsher from when they left to the Mists. All the leaders; Breezestar, Skyheart and Tornstar, older than ever; sat on top of the large trees, staring down upon the many cats scattered around.

"Skystar, do you want to start off again?" Tornstar asked. Skystar's heart lurched as she padded slowly forwards, then hesitated.

"You-u guys can't start first, I gotta think about what I'm going to talk about," She stammered.

"That's a first," Blazestar shrugged, before walking towards the edge of the tree to yowl out to the world his news. Skyheart was terrified. How did she ever overcome this fear as a leader? And still, the thought of Hollywhisker's banishment lingered like a tick on her mind. Suddenly, a shocking scream snapped Skyheart awake from her thought bubble.

"What was that?" Tornstar went alert, the cats below spinning

around. Swiftclaw's was the first to follow the noise, sprinting into the woods.

"It better not be one of our mist-mates," She thought nervously. Swiftclaw skidded down a slope, sweat pouring down her face, until she saw three cat bodies ahead of her.

"Hey!" Swiftclaw yowled. But the figures didn't answer. It was too dark to see, and one of the figures was laying down. The other two were yelling at each other, until the one on the right swiped down upon the other cat, and a sickening screech shook the forest. In horror, Swiftclaw raced towards the figures in panic mode, her heart and fear rising, until she reached their positions.

"StarClan oh no!!" Swiftclaw shrieked. A few cats rushing behind Swiftclaw froze as they saw her staring down at the scene. Icefang squeezed through the cats to join Swiftclaw, but their hearts literally stopped when they looked down. Nightstrike was laying on the side, a deep gash drawn on her face and shoulders, but she was breathing. But the other body was literally ripped apart. Swiftclaw leaned down to touch Nightstrike, and in one shocking motion, she jumped up, eyes wide.

"What the, Nightstrike!" Icefang gasped. Her eyes were red in tears, and her mind was racing like the wind.

"I'm so sorry Swiftclaw.....I...couldn't save...her...he attacked through me...." And like that, she collapsed again, unconscious.

"What?" Swiftclaw was confused. Through her? But whatever happened, it didn't change the fact that one of their own was dead. Gone for good.

"MeadowWing," Icefang squeezed her eyes shut, gripping the ground with her claws, "What have I done?"

TOTC 2

A few moons before...

Cocopaw followed excited behind her mentor, Mintshadepelt. She was going to learn about the herbs of the forest! Apparently, she was fit enough for the job, and based off of her energetic personality and her intelligence, this was the right place for her. She heard that her friend, Sunnykit, was going to be an apprenticed medicine cat like her. Quickly, Mintshadepelt halted, and Cocopaw slammed into her clumsily.

"Oops!" She meowed, "Sorry Mint!"

"It's okay. You'll get the hang of being the medicine cat. It's a big responsibility, and i believe you are going to be ready in a few moons!"

"You think?" Cocopaw's eyes widened, her tail lifting up in happiness. Mintshadepelt nodded.

"Now, to begin, these plants are cat mint. They're very important for treating green-cough. We have a limited amount of these plants, so we have to be careful of the amount of it we use to treat cats-"

Suddenly, Cocopaw smelled something peculiar. Like another cat? She wasn't used to the scent markers that divided WindClan with ThunderClan, but she could taste the air of, for some reason, fear, anger, and death. Confused, she silently began slipping away from Mintshadepelt, leaning towards the edge of ThunderClan's edge. The forest went quiet as a silent rustle of the bushes alerted her. Eyes wide, Cocopaw crouched down, walking forwards.

"Cocopaw!" Mintshadepelt shrieked. Cocopaw's ears flattened.

"What are you doing?" She hissed angrily. But before she could respond, something hit her, hard. Mintshadepelt fell backwards, and Cocopaw screamed as the figure began throwing her backwards.

"MINT! HELP-" She cut off as the figure sliced her throat, and she screamed in pain. Then it tossed her down, ripping her back and her chest. Pain erupted everywhere, making her scream.

"GET OFF OF HER!" Mintshadepelt screeched, biting down upon the cat, then tossing him into the moonlight. Cocopaw was clutching her throat, which was bleeding badly and dripping onto the grass. But even in pain, she could feel the sudden horror of staring at the cat that attacked her.

"NIGHTPAW!" She cried out, choking out blood. Her eyes were red, teeth flashing with blood.

"Wrong," She growled, but it wasn't her voice, "I'm a bigger threat to you than you think medicine cats!" Then, in a few seconds, her eyes snapped back to blue eyes, and she shook. She blinked, once, twice, staring at what she did to Cocopaw.

"SHE'S DYING!" Mintshadepelt cried out, desperately trying to close the wound with whatever she could find. But Nightpaw was confused and shocked.

"What happened?"

"YOU HAPPENED NIGHTPAW!" Mintshadepelt growled, unsheathing her claws, "YOU ATTACKED HER! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!"

"What? No I didn't, please listen to me-" She was cut off when Mintshadepelt swung her paw, throwing the apprentice backwards. She landed with a sickening thump, her eyes scared and confused. Three lines of blood began dripping down her cheek from the medicine cat's swipe.

"DON'T EVER SHOW YOUR FACE TO ME AGAIN!" Mintshadepelt hissed, then grabbed Cocopaw and ran to WindClan camp. In horror, Nightpaw sat there, bewildered at what she just did. Then a voice entered her ear, whispering silently.

"They're cowards. You're lucky I took care of them-"

"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?" She screamed angrily. She

felt a jab in her chest, throwing her back.

"DON'T JUDGE ME FOOL! THEY ARE THE FOOLS, AND I'M SHOWING YOU THE RIGHT PATH!" Lynx snapped inside her head. Then he chucked, a dark thought from Lynx going into her brain.

"Don't worry, this is only beginning for both of us. We will show them Nightpaw, no matter what you do to hide or help. We will show them, and they will beg for mercy. You'll see..."

What Was Bound To Happen (Author's Note 2021)

[image]

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen!

First off, thank you for reading this story. I don't know how you managed to get this far, but I am happy regardless of what you read. Like I said earlier, t his story was the basis that made me who I am today, and, although I've long discarded the Warrior Cats Series, it's still a part of my history that I tend to keep alive on Wattpad.

But, like all of my past stories, this was one of three that had other plans set for the future, all that ceased far too soon.

~ < > ~

Tails of the Clans #1 was completed in early 2016, born off of the characters of my friends' personas on Warriors Fanficiton Wikia. But it ended off with a bunch of confusing mysteries and teasers, prompting the way for a second novel.

Tails of the Clans #2 was started soon after, involving many more users and friends into a combined story. New faces, new perspectives, and new threats lurked in this story, and it looked promises on the surface. Taking place several years after the first story, the after effects of stopping the Mists would reflect on the future of the four clans as both past and future memories seem to work their way into the world. Some dead characters return, and others seem to avoid the chaos. Still, it was a daunting and tiring project.

And a third TOTC was already in the works.

Unfortunately, after I forced myself to leave the website (WFW), I lost my passion to write and stopped. I asked my

friends if they could continue the story without me, adding them to a google document to share. But that ship sailed as well, and the story was inevitably abandoned.

Fortunately, it did survive the massacre of my high school email purge, and now remains on my google docs page as a relic of my writing. TOTC #2 remains unfinished, and, at the moment, I have no real passion for completing it (even if it's 75% done). TOTC #3 was canceled not long after, and I began working on saurian stories, starting with These Last Days (2017).

It's sad that this arc ended long before it began, but the idea remains to push me to write on, and will now inspire me to write a story called SUNDROP (2024), which will collaborate every character I have written into one massive storyline.

These characters will return there.

Thank you all so much for your support, and your reads.

Goodnight!